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# BARBAROSSA.

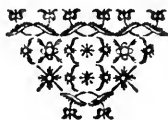
A

## TRAGEDY.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand*.

MDCCLV.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

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# PROLOGUE,

*Written by Mr. GARRICK, and spoken by him  
in the Character of a Country Boy.*

*Measter! Measter!*

**I**S not my Measter here among you, pray?  
Nay, speak---my Measter wrote this fine new Play---  
The Actor-Folks are making such a Clatter!  
They want the Pro-log—I know nought o' th' Matter!  
He must be there among you—look about—  
A Weezen, pale-fac'd Man, do—find him out—  
Pray, Measter, come—or all will fall to Sheame  
Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his Name.

Law! what a Croud is here! what Noise and Pother!  
Fine Lads and Lasses! one o' top o't'other. [Pointing to the Rows  
I cou'd for ever here with Wonder geaze! of Pit and Gallery.]  
I ne'er saw Church so full in all my Days!—  
Your Servant, Surs!—what do you laugh for? Eh!  
You donna take me sure for one o'th' Play?  
You shou'd not flout an honest Country-Lad,—  
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:  
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,  
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [Laughing.  
I donna like your London Tricks, not I,  
And since you've rais'd my Blood, I'll tell you why?  
And if you wull, since now I am before ye,  
For want of Pro-log, I'll relate my Story.

I came from Country here to try my Fate,  
And get a Place among the Rich and Great;  
But troth I'm sick o' th' Journey I ha't'en,  
I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.

First, in the City I took up my Station,  
And got a Place with one of th' Corporation,  
A round big Man—he eat a plagy deal,  
Zooks! he'd have beat five Ploomen at a Meal!  
But long with him I cou'd not make abode,  
For, cou'd you think't?—He eat a great Sea-Toad!  
It came from Indies—'twas as big as me,  
He call'd it Belly-patch, and Capapee:  
Law! how I star'd!—I thought,—who knows, but I,  
For want of Monsters, may be made a Pye;  
Rather than tarry here for Bribe or Gain,  
I'll back to whoame, and Country-Fare again.

I left Toad-eater; then I sarv'd a Lord,  
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their Word.  
While 'mong the Great, this Geaming Work the Trade is,  
They mind no more poor Servants, than their Ladies.

## PROLOGUE.

*A Lady next, who lik'd a smart young Lad,  
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.  
She turn'd the World top down, as I may say,  
She chang'd the Day to Neet, the Neet to Day!  
I was so steam'd with all her freakish Ways,  
She wore her Gear so short, so low her Stays—  
Fine Folks shew all for Nothing now-a-Days!*

*Now I'm the Poet's Man—I find with Wits,  
There's Nothing sartain—Nay, we eat by Fits.  
Our Meals, indeed, are slender, —what of that?  
There are but three on's—Measter, I, and Cat.  
Did you but see us all, as I'm a Sinner,  
You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.*

*My Wages all depend on this Night's Piece,  
But shou'd you find that all our Swans are Geese!  
E'feck I'll trust no more to Measter's Brain,  
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.*

## EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character of a  
fine Gentleman.

*Enter—speaking without.*

**P** S H A W!—damn your Epilogue—and hold your Tongue—  
Shall we of Rank be told what's right and wrong?  
Had you ten Epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,  
Tho' he had writ 'em all in Linguum Grecum.  
I'll do't by all the Gods!—(you must excuse me)  
Tho' Author, Actors, Audience, all abuse me!

*To the Audience.*

*Behold a Gentleman!—and that's enough!—  
Laugh if you please—I'll take a Pinch of Snuff!  
I come to tell you—(let it not surprize you)  
That I'm a Wit—and worthy to advise you.—  
How could you suffer that same Country Booby,  
That Pro-logue speaking Savage,—that great Looby,  
To talk his Nonsense?—give me Leave to say  
'Twas low—damn'd low!—but save the Fellow's Play—  
Let the poor Devil eat,—allow him that,  
And give a Meal to Measter, Mon, and Cat,  
But why attack the Fashions?—Senseless Rogue!—  
We have no Joys but what result from Vogue:  
The Mode shou'd all Controll—nay, ev'ry Passion,  
Sense, Appetite, and all, give way to Fashion;*

*I hate*



## E P I L O G U E.

*I hate as much as he, a Turtle-Feast,  
 But 'till the present Turtle-Rage has ceas'd,  
 I'd ride a hundred Miles to make myself a Beast.  
 I have no Ears,—yet Op'ras I adore!—  
 Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!  
 The Ladies too were carp'd at, and their Drefs,  
 He waxes 'em all ruff'd up like good Queen Befs!  
 They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free—  
 Were more expos'd, no ill Effects I see,  
 For more, or less, 'tis all the same to me.  
 Poor Gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,  
 That precious Cordial to a high-life Breast!  
 When Thoughts arise I always game, or drink,  
 An English Gentleman shou'd never think—  
 The Reason's plain, which ev'ry Soul might hit on—  
 What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton;  
 In us Reflection breeds a sober Sadness,  
 Which always ends in Politicks or Madness:  
 I therefore now propose—by your Command,  
 That Tragedies no more shall cloud this Land;  
 Send o'er your Shakespears to the Sons of France,  
 Let them grow grave—Let us begin to dance!  
 Banish your gloomy Scenes to foreign Climes,  
 Reserve alone to bless these golden Times,  
 A Farce or two—and Woodward's Pantomimes!*

---

The Author of the Prologue and Epilogue, would not have publish'd them had it not been customary to print them with the Play. He is very sensible that they can have little or no Merit in the Reading, their Effect wholly depending upon the Characters which speak them, and the Novelty of introducing them. They were likewise written at a very short Warning, for the Author of the Play, had not provided these usual, and therefore necessary, Parts of the Performance, which Mr. GARRICK thought proper to provide at all Events.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BARBAROSSA,  
ACHMET,  
OTHMAN,  
SADI,  
ALADIN,  
OFFICER,  
SLAVE,

Mr. Moflop.  
Mr. Garrick.  
Mr. Havard.  
Mr. Davies.  
Mr. Usher.  
Mr. Mozeen.  
Mr. Walker.

ZAPHIRA,  
IRENE,  
SLAVE,

Mrs. Cibber.  
Miss Macklin.  
Miss Minors.

OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, and SLAVES.

SCENE, *the Royal Palace of ALGIERS.*

TIME, *a few Hours about Midnight.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

“ **T**RAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been  
“ ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of  
“ all other Poems. Hence Philosophers, and other gravest  
“ Writers, as, *Cicero, Plutarch*, and others, frequently cite out  
“ of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their Discourse.  
“ The Apostle *Paul* himself, thought it not unworthy to insert  
“ a Verse of a *Greek Poet* into the Text of Holy Scripture.—  
“ Heretofore, Men in highest Dignity have laboured, not a  
“ little, to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that  
“ Honour *Dionysius* the Elder, was no less ambitious, than be-  
“ fore, of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also  
“ had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own Judg-  
“ ment, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher, is by some  
“ thought the Author of those Tragedies, at least the best of them  
“ that go under that Name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of  
“ the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the Sanctity of his  
“ Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitled, *Christ Suffering*.  
“ This is mentioned, to vindicate Tragedy from the small  
“ Esteem, or rather Infamy, which in the Account of many, it  
“ undergoes at this Day,”

So far the great *Milton*: who strengthen'd these Examples  
by his own. The Author hath nothing more to add, save  
only, that he hath aimed to write this Piece, in its *essential*  
*Parts*, according to the Model of ancient Tragedy, so far  
as modern Ideas and Manners wou'd permit. And he is so  
gratefully sensible of that favourable Reception it hath met  
with from the Public, that in every future Attempt, he will  
assuredly labour to merit their farther Regards, by keeping  
in his Eye the same great Originals.



# BARBAROSSA.

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## A C T I.

*Enter OTHMAN and a SLAVE.*

OTHMAN.

Stranger, say'st thou, that inquires of OTHMAN?

SLAVE.

He does ; and waits Admittance.

OTHMAN.

Did he tell  
His Name and Quality ?

SLAVE.

That, he declined :  
But call'd himself thy Friend.

OTHMAN.

Where didst thou see him ?

SLAVE.

Ev'n now, while Twilight clos'd the Day, I spy'd him  
Musing amid' the Ruins of yon Tow'r  
That overhangs the Flood. On my Approach,  
With Aspect stern, and Words of Import dark,  
He question'd me of OTHMAN. Then the Tear

Stole

# 8      B A R B A R O S S A.

Stole from his Eye. But when I talk'd of Pow'r  
And courtly Honours here conferr'd on thee,  
His Frown grew darker : All I wish'd, he cry'd,  
Is to confer with him, and then to die.

O T H M A N.

What may this mean ?---Conduct the Stranger to me.

[*Exit Slave.*]

Perhaps some worthy Citizen, return'd  
From voluntary Exile to A L G I E R S,  
Once known in happier Days.

*Enter S A D I.*

Ah, S A D I here !  
My honor'd Friend !

S A D I.

Stand off---pollute me not.  
These honest Arms, tho' worn with Want, disdain  
Thy gorgeous Trappings, earn'd by foul Dishonour.

O T H M A N.

Forbear thy rash Reproaches : for beneath  
This Habit, which to thy mistaken Eye  
Bespoke my Guilt, I wear a Heart as true  
As S A D I's to my King.

S A D I.

Why then beneath  
This curst Roof, this black Ufurper's Palace,  
Dar'st thou to draw infected Air, and live  
The Slave of Insolence ! Why lick the Dust  
Beneath his Feet, who laid A L G I E R S in Ruin ?  
But Age, which shou'd have taught thee honest Caution,  
Has taught thee Treachery !

O T H M A N.

Mistaken Man !  
Cou'd Passion prompt me to licentious Speech  
Like thine—

S A D I.

S A D I.

Peace, false one ! Peace ! The Slave to Pow'r  
Still wears a pliant Tongue.---O Shame to dwell  
With Murder, Lust, and Rapine !---Did he not  
Come from the Depths of B A R C A's Solitude,  
With fair Pretence of Faith and firm Alliance ?  
Did not our grateful King, with open Arms,  
Receive him as his Guest ? O fatal Hour !  
Did he not then with hot, adult'rous Eye,  
Gaze on the Queen Z A P H I R A ? Yes, 'twas Lust,  
Lust gave th' infernal Whisper to his Soul,  
And bade him Murder, if he wou'd enjoy !  
O, complicated Horrors ! hell-born Treach'ry !  
Then fell our Country, when good S E L I M dy'd !  
Yet thou, pernicious Traitor, unabash'd  
Can'st wear the Murd'rer's Badge.

O T H M A N.

Yet hear me, S A D I-----

S A D I.

What can Dishonour plead ?

O T H M A N.

Yet blame not Prudence.

S A D I.

Prudence ! the stale Pretence of ev'ry Knave !  
The Traitor's ready Mask !

O T H M A N.

Yet still I love thee:

Yet unprovok'd by thy intemperate Zeal.  
Bethink thee !---might I not insult thy Flight  
With the Foul Names of Fear or Perfidy ?  
Didst thou not fly, when B A R B A R O S S A's Sword  
Reek'd with the Blood of thy brave Countrymen ?  
What then did I ?---Beneath this hated Roof,  
In Pity to my widow'd Queen---

S A D I.

In Pity ?

B

O T H M A N.

O T H M A N.

Yes, S A D I: Heav'n is Witness, Pity sway'd me.

S A D I.

Words, Words! Diffimulation all, and Guilt!

O T H M A N.

With honest Guile I did inroll my Name  
 In the black List of B A R B A R O S S A's Friends:  
 In hope, that some propitious Hour might rise,  
 When Heav'n would dash the Murd'rer from his Throne,  
 And give young S E L I M to his orphan'd People.

S A D I.

Indeed! can'st thou be true?

O T H M A N.

By Heav'n, I am.

S A D I.

Why then dissemble thus?

O T H M A N.

Have I not told thee?

I held it vain, to stem the Tyrant's Pow'r  
 By the weak Sallies of an ill-tim'd Rage.

S A D I.

Enough: I find thee honest: And with Pride  
 Will join thy Councils. This, my faithful Arm,  
 Wasted with Misery, shall gain new Nerves  
 For brave Resolves. Can aught, my Friend, be done?  
 Can aught be dar'd?

O T H M A N.

We groan beneath the Scourge.  
 This very Morn, on false Pretence of Vengeance,  
 For the foul Murder of our honor'd King,  
 Five guiltless Wretches perish'd on the Rack.  
 Our long-lov'd Friends, and bravest Citizens,  
 Self-banish'd to the Desert; mourn in Exile:  
 While the fell Tyrant lords it o'er a Crew  
 Of abject Sycophants, the needy Tools  
 Of Pow'r usurp'd; and a degen'rate Train  
 Of Slaves in Arms.

S A D I.

S A D I.

O my devoted Country!--  
But say, the widow'd Queen--my Heart bleeds for her.

O T H M A N.

If Pain be Life, she lives: But in such Woe,  
As Want and Slavery might view with Pity,  
And bless their happier Lot! Hemm'd round by Terrors,  
Within this cruel Palace, once the Seat  
Of ev'ry Joy, thro' sev'n long tedious Years,  
She weeps her murder'd Lord, her exil'd Son,  
Her People fall'n: the Murd'rer of her Lord,  
Returning now from Conquest o'er the Moors,  
Tempts her to Marriage; spurr'd at once by Lust,  
And black Ambition. But with noble Firmness,  
Surpassing the female, she rejects his Vows,  
Scorning the horrid Union. Meantime he,  
With ceaseless Hate, pursues her exil'd Son;  
And---Oh! detested Monster!

*[He weeps.]*

S A D I.

Yet more Deeds  
Of Cruelty! Just Heaven!

O T H M A N.

His Rage pursues  
The virtuous Youth, ev'n into foreign Climes.  
Ere this, perhaps, he bleeds. A murd'ring Ruffian  
Is sent to watch his Steps, and plunge the Dagger  
Into his guiltless Breast.

S A D I.

Is this thy Faith!  
Tamely to witness to such Deeds of Horror!  
Give me thy Poignard; lead me to the Tyrant.  
What tho' surrounding Guards---

O T H M A N.

Repress thy Fury.  
Thou wilt alarm the Palace, wilt involve  
Thyself, thy Friend, in Ruin. Haste thee hence;

Haste to the Remnant of our loyal Friends,  
And let maturer Councils rule thy Zeal.

S A D I.

Yet let us ne'er forget our Prince's Wrongs.  
Remember, O T H M A N, (and let Vengeance rise)  
How in the Pangs of Death, and in his Gore  
Welt'ring, we found our Prince ! The deadly Dagger  
Deep in his Heart was fix'd ! His royal Blood,  
The Life-blood of his People, o'er the Bath  
Ran purple ! O remember ! and revenge !

O T H M A N.

Doubt not my Zeal. But haste and seek our Friends.  
Near to the western Port A L M A N Z O R dwells,  
Yet unfeduc'd by B A R B A R O S S A's Pow'r.  
He will disclose to thee, if aught be heard  
Of S E L I M's Safety, or (what more I dread)  
Of S E L I M's Death. Thence best may our Resolves  
Be drawn hereafter. But let Caution guide thee.  
For in these Walks, where Tyranny and Guilt  
Usurp the Throne, wakeful Suspicion dwells,  
And squint-ey'd Jealousy, prone to pervert  
Ev'n Looks and Smiles to Treason.

S A D I.

I obey thee.  
Near to the western Port, thou say'st.

O T H M A N.

Ev'n there.  
Close by the blasted Palm-tree, where the Mosque  
O'erlooks the City. Haste thee hence, my Friend.  
I wou'd not have thee found within these Walls.

[*Flourish.*

And hark---these warlike Sounds proclaim th' Approach  
Of the proud B A R B A R O S S A, with his Train.  
Begone-----

S A D I.

May dire Disease and Pestilence

Hang



Hang o'er his Steps !---Farewel---Remember, OTHMAN,  
Thy Queen's, thy Prince's, and thy Country's Wrongs.

[Exit S A D I.

OT H M A N.

When I forget them, be Contempt my Lot !  
Yet, for the Love I bear them, I must wrap  
My deep Resentments in the specious Guise  
Of Smiles, and fair Deportment.

*Enter* B A R B A R O S S A, *Guards, &c.*

B A R B A R O S S A.

Valiant O T H M A N,  
Are these vile Slaves impal'd ?

O T H M A N.

My Lord, they are.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Did not the Rack extort Confession from them ?

O T H M A N.

They dy'd obdurate : while the melting Crowd  
Murmur'd out Pity for their Groans and Anguish.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Curse on their womanish Hearts ! what, pity Slaves  
Whom my supreme Decree condemn'd to Torture ?  
Are you not all my Slaves, to whom my Nod  
Gives Life or Death ?

O T H M A N.

To doubt thy Will, is Treason.

B A R B A R O S S A.

I love thee, faithful OTHMAN : But why fits  
That Sadness on thy Brow ? For oft' I find thee  
Musing and sad ; while Joy for my Return,  
My Sword victorious, and the MOORS o'erthrown,  
Resounds thro' all my Palace.

O T H M A N.

Mighty Warrior !  
The Soul, intent on Offices of Love,

Will oft' neglect, or scorn the weaker Proof  
Which Smiles or Speech can give.

BARBAROSSA.

Well: Be it so.

To guard ALGIERS from Anarchy's Misrule,  
I sway the regal Scepter. Who deserves,  
Shall meet Protection: And who merits not,  
Shall meet my Wrath in Thunder.---But 'tis strange,  
That when with open Arms, I wou'd receive  
Young SELIM; wou'd restore the Crown, which Death  
Reft from his Father's Head.---He scorns my Bounty;  
Shuns me with fullen and obdurate Hate,  
And proudly kindles War in foreign Climes,  
Against my Power, who sav'd his bleeding Country.

OTHMAN.

'Tis strange indeed---

*Enter* ALADIN.

ALADIN.

Brave Prince, I bring thee Tydings  
Of high Concernment to ALGIERS and Thee.  
Young SELIM is no more.

OTHMAN.

Indeed!

BARBAROSSA.

Indeed!---why that Astonishment?  
He was our bitterest Foe.

OTHMAN.

So perish all  
Thy causeless Enemies!

BARBAROSSA.

What says the Rumour?  
How dy'd the Prince, and where?

ALADIN.

The Rumour tells,  
'That flying to ORAN, he there begg'd Succours'  
From FERDINAND of SPAIN, t'invade ALGIERS.

BAR-

BARBAROSSA.

From Christian Dogs !

OTHMAN.

How ! league with Infidels !

ALADIN.

And there held Council with the haughty SPANIARD,  
To conquer and dethrone thee : But in vain :  
For in a dark Encounter with two Slaves,  
Wherein the one fell by his dauntless Valour,  
SELIM at length was slain.

BARBAROSSA.

Ungrateful Boy !

Off' have I courted him to meet my Kindness ;  
But still in vain : he shun'd me like a Pestilence :  
Nor cou'd I e'er behold him, since the Down  
Cover'd his manly Cheek.---How many Years  
Number'd he ?

OTHMAN.

I think, scarce thirteen, when his Father dy'd,  
And now, some twenty.

BARBAROSSA.

OTHMAN, now for Proof  
Of undissembled Service.---Well I know,  
Thy long-experienc'd Faith hath plac'd thee high  
In the Queen's Confidence: The Crown I wear  
Yet totters on my Head, till Marriage-Rites  
Have made her mine. OTHMAN, she must be won.  
Plead thou my Cause of Love: Bid her dry up  
Her fruitless Tears: Paint forth her long Delays,  
Wake all thy Eloquence: Make her but mine,  
And such unsought Reward shall crown thy Zeal,  
As shall out-soar thy Wishes.

OTHMAN.

Mighty King,  
Where Duty bids, I go.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Then haste thee, OTHMAN,  
 Ere yet the Rumour of her Son's Decease  
 Hath reach'd her Ear; ere yet the mournful Tale  
 Hath whelm'd her in a new Abyſs of Woe,  
 And quench'd all ſoft Affection, ſave for him.  
 Tell her, I come, borne on the Wings of Love!--  
 Haste---fly---I follow thee. [Exit OTHMAN.]  
 Now ALADIN.

Now Fortune bears us to the wiſh'd-for Port:  
 We ride ſecure, on her moſt proſp'rous Billow.  
 This was the Rock I dreaded. Doſt not think  
 Th' Attempt was greatly daring?

A L A D I N.

Ay; and neceſſary.  
 What boot'd it, to cut the old Serpent off,  
 While the young Adder neſted in his Place?

B A R B A R O S S A.

True: We have conquer'd now. ALGIERS is mine,  
 Without a Rival. Thus great Souls aſpire;  
 And boldly ſnatch at Crowns, beyond the Reach  
 Of coward Conſcience.---Yet I wonder much,  
 OMAR returns not: OMAR, whom I ſent  
 On this high Truſt. I fear, 'tis he hath fal'n.  
 Didſt thou not ſay, two Slaves encounter'd SELIM?

A L A D I N.

Ay, two: 'tis rumour'd ſo.

B A R B A R O S S A.

And that one fell?

A L A D I N.

Ev'n ſo: By SELIM's Hand: while his Companion  
 Planted his happier Steel in SELIM's Heart.

B A R B A R O S S A.

OMAR, I fear, is fal'n. From my Right-Hand  
 I gave my Signet to the truſty Slave:  
 And bade him ſend it, as the certain Pledge

Of SELIM's Death ; if Sicknefs or Captivity,  
Or wayward Fate, fhould thwart his quick Return.

ALADIN.

The Rumour yet is young ; perhaps foreruns  
The truffy Slave's Approach.

BARBAROSSA.

We'll wait th' Event.

Meantime give out, that now the widow'd Queen  
Hath dry'd her Tears, prepar'd to crown my Love  
By Marriage-Rites : Spread wide the flatt'ring Tale :  
For if Perfuaſion win not her Conſent,  
Pow'r ſhall compel.

ALADIN.

It is indeed a Thought,  
Which Prudence whiſpers.

BARBAROSSA.

Thou, brave ALADIN,  
Haſt been the firm Companion of my Deeds :  
Soon ſhall my Friendſhip's Warmth reward thy Faith. ---  
This Night my Will devotes to Feaſt and Joy,  
For Conqueſt o'er the MOOR. Hence, ALADIN :  
And ſee the Night-Watch cloſe the Palace round.

[Exit ALADIN.]

Now to the Queen. My Heart expands with Hope.  
Let high Ambition flouriſh : In SELIM's Blood  
Its Root is ſtruck : From this, the riſing Stem  
Proudly ſhall branch o'er AFRIC's Continent,  
And ſtretch from Shore to Shore.

Enter IRENE.

What, drown'd in Tears ? ſtill with thy Folly thwart  
Each purpoſe of my Soul ? When Pleaſures ſpring  
Beneath our Feet, thou ſpurn'ſt the proffer'd Boon,  
To dwell with Sorrow.---Why theſe ſullen Tears ?

IRENE.

Let not theſe Tears offend my Father's Eye :  
They are the Tears of Pity. From the Queen  
I come, thy Suppliant.

BAR-

B A R B A R O S S A.

On some rude Request.

What wou'dst thou urge?

I R E N E.

Thy dread Return from War,  
 And proffer'd Love, have open'd ev'ry Wound  
 The soft and lenient Hand of Time had clos'd.  
 If ever gentle Pity touch'd thy Heart,  
 Now let it melt! Urge not thy harsh Command  
 To see her! Her distracted Soul is bent  
 To mourn in Solitude. She asks no more.

B A R B A R O S S A.

She mocks my Love. How many tedious Years  
 Have I endur'd her Coynefs? Had not War,  
 And great Ambition, call'd me from ALGIERS,  
 Ere this, my Pow'r had reap'd what she denies.  
 But there's a Cause, which touches on my Peace;  
 And bids me brook no more her false Delays.

I R E N E.

O frown not thus! Sure, Pity ne'er deserv'd  
 A Parent's Frown! Then look more kindly on me.  
 Let thy consenting Pity mix with mine,  
 And heal the Woes of weeping Majesty!  
 Unhappy Queen!

B A R B A R O S S A.

What means that gushing Tear?

I R E N E.

Oh never shall I R E N E taste of Peace,  
 While poor ZAPHIRA mourns!--

B A R B A R O S S A.

Is this my Child?

Perverse and stubborn!--As thou lov'st thy Peace,  
 Dry up thy Tears. What! damp the general Triumph,  
 That echoes through ALGIERS! which now shall pierce  
 The vaulted Heav'n, as soon as Fame shall spread  
 Young SELIM's Death, my Empire's bitterest Foe.

I R E N E.

IRENE.

O generous SELIM !

BARBAROSSA.

Ah ! There's more in this !

Tell me, IRENE : On thy Duty, tell me :  
As thou dost wish, I wou'd not cast thee off,  
With an incensed Father's Curses on thee,  
Now tell me why, at this detested Name,  
Afresh thy Sorrow streams ?

IRENE.

Yes, I will tell thee.

For he is gone ! and dreads thy Hate no more !  
My Father knows, that scarce five Moons are past,  
Since the MOORS seiz'd, and sold me at ORAN,  
A hopeless Captive in a foreign Clime !

BARBAROSSA.

Too well I know, and rue the fatal Day.  
But what of this ?

IRENE.

Why shou'd I tell, what Horrors  
Did then beset my Soul ?---Oft' have I told thee,  
How 'midst the Throng, a Youth appear'd : His Eye  
Bright as the Morning Star !

BARBAROSSA.

And was it SELIM ?  
Did he redeem thee ?

IRENE.

With unsparing Hand  
He paid th' allotted Ransom : And o'erbade  
Av'rice and Appetite. At his Feet I wept,  
Dissolv'd in Tears of Gratitude and Joy.  
But when I told my Quality and Birth,  
He started at the Name of BARBAROSSA ;  
And thrice turn'd pale. Yet, with Recovery mild,  
Go to ALGIERS, he cry'd; protect my Mother,  
And be to Her, what SELIM is to Thee.----

Ev'n

Ev'n such, my Father, was the gen'rous Youth,  
Who, by the Hands of bloody, bloody Men,  
Lies number'd with the dead.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Amazement chills me !  
Was this thy unknown Friend, conceal'd from me ?  
False, faithless Child !

I R E N E.

Cou'd Gratitude do less !  
He said thy Hate pursu'd him ; thence conjur'd me,  
Not to reveal his Name.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Thou treacherous Maid !  
To stoop to Freedom from thy Father's Foe !

I R E N E.

Alas, my Father !  
He never was thy Foe.

B A R B A R O S S A.

What !---plead for S E L I M !  
Away. He merited the Death he found.  
Oh Coward ! Traitors to thy Father's Glory !  
'Thou shou'dst have liv'd a Slave,---been sold to Shame,  
Been banish'd to the Depth of howling Desarts,  
Been aught but what thou art, rather than blot  
A Father's Honour, by a Deed so vile :---  
Hence, from my Sight.--Hence, thou unthankful Child !  
Beware thee ! Shun the Queen : nor taint her Ear  
With S E L I M's Fate. Yes, she shall crown my Love ;  
Or by our Prophet, she shall dread my Pow'r.

[Exit BARBAROSSA.]

I R E N E.

Unhappy Queen !  
To what new Scenes of Horror art thou doom'd !  
O cruel Father ! Hapless Child ! whom Pity  
Compels to call him cruel !---Gen'rous S E L I M !  
Poor injur'd Queen ! who but intreats to die  
In her dear Father's Tents ! Thither, good Queen,

My



My Care shall speed thee, while Suspicion sleeps.  
What tho' my frowning Father pour his Rage  
On my defenceless Head? Yet Innocence  
Shall yield her firm Support; and conscious Virtue  
Gild all my Days. Cou'd I but save ZAPHIRA,  
Let the Storm beat. I'll weep and pray, till she  
And Heav'n forget, my Father e'er was cruel.





## A C T II.

*ZAPHIRA and female Slaves discover'd.*

ZAPHIRA.

WHEN shall I be at Peace!---O, righteous Heav'n,  
 Strengthen my fainting Soul, which fain wou'd rise  
 To Confidence in thee!---But Woes on Woes  
 O'erwhelm me! First my Husband! now, my Son!  
 Both dead! both slaughter'd by the bloody Hand  
 Of BARBAROSSA! Sweet Content, farewell!  
 Farewel, sweet Hope! Grief is my Portion here!  
 O dire Ambition! what infernal Pow'r  
 Unchain'd thee from thy native Depth of Hell,  
 To stalk the Earth with thy destructive Train,  
 Murder and Lust! to waste domestic Peace,  
 And ev'ry Heart-felt Joy!

*Enter OTHMAN.*

O faithful OTHMAN!

Our Fears were true! My SELIM is no more!

OTHMAN.

Has then the fatal Story reach'd thine Ear?  
 Inhuman Tyrant!

ZAPHIRA.

Strike him, Heav'n with Thunder!  
 Nor let ZAPHIRA doubt thy Providence.

OTHMAN.

'Twas what we fear'd. Accuse not Heav'n's high Will,  
 Nor struggle with the ten-fold Chain of Fate,  
 That links thee to thy Woes! O, rather yield,  
 And wait the happier Hour, when Innocence  
 Shall weep no more. Rest in that pleasing Hope,  
 And yield thyself to Heav'n.--My honor'd Queen,  
 The King---

Z A P H I R A.

Whom stil'st thou King ?

O T H M A N.

'Tis B A R B A R O S S A.

He means to see thee---

Z A P H I R A.

Curfes blast the Tyrant !

Does he assume the Name of King ?

O T H M A N.

He does.

Z A P H I R A.

O Title vilely purchas'd ! by the Blood  
 Of Innocence ! By Treach'r'y and Murder !  
 May Heav'n incens'd pour down its Vengeance on him ;  
 Blast all his Joys, and turn them into Horror ;  
 Till Phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the Hour  
 That gave his Crimes their Birth ! My faithful OTHMAN,  
 My sole surviving Prop ! Can'st thou devise  
 No secret Means, by which I may escape  
 This hated Palace ! with undaunted Step  
 I'd roam the Waste, to reach my Father's Vales  
 Of dear MUTIJA !---Can no means be found,  
 To fly these black'ning Horrors that surround me ?

O T H M A N.

That Hope is vain ! The Tyrant knows thy Hate.  
 Hence, Day and Night, his watchful Guards surround  
 thee,

Impenetrable as Walls of Adamant.  
 Curb then thy mighty Griefs : Justice and Truth  
 He mocks as Shadows : Rouse not then, his Anger :  
 Let soft Persuasion and mild Eloquence,  
 Redeem that Liberty, which stern Rebuke  
 Wou'd rob thee of for ever.

Z A P H I R A.

Cruel Task !  
 For Royalty to bow,---an injur'd Queen

To

To kneel for Liberty ! And, Oh ! to whom !  
 Ev'n to the Murd'rer of her Lord and Son !  
 O perish first, ZAPHIRA ! Yes, I'll die !  
 For what is Life to me ! My dear, dear Lord !  
 My hapless Child ! Yes, I will follow you.

OT H M A N.

Wilt thou not see him, then ?

Z A P H I R A.

I will not, OT H M A N.

Or if I do, with bitter Imprecation,  
 More keen than Poison shot from Serpents Tongues,  
 I'll pour my Curses on him !

OT H M A N.

Will ZAPHIRA.

Thus meanly sink in Woman's fruitless Rage,  
 When she should wake Revenge ?

Z A P H I R A.

Revenge?---O tell me---

Tell me but how ! what can a helpless Woman !

OT H M A N.

Gain but the Tyrant's leave, and reach thy Father:  
 Pour thy Complaints before him : Let thy Wrongs  
 Kindle his Indignation, to pursue  
 This vile Usurper, till unceasing War  
 Blast his ill-gotten Pow'r.

Z A P H I R A.

[*Rising.*

Ah!--say'st thou, OT H M A N ?

Thy Words have shot like Lightning through my Frame ;  
 And all my Soul's on Fire!--Thou faithful Friend !  
 Yes ; with more gentle Speech I'll sooth his Pride ;  
 Regain my Freedom ; seek my Father's Tents ;  
 There paint my countless Woes. His kindling Rage  
 Shall wake the Vallies into honest Vengeance :  
 The sudden Storm shall pour on BARBAROSSA ;  
 And ev'ry glowing Warrior steep his Shaft  
 In deadlier Poison, to revenge my Wrongs.

OT H M A N.

O T H M A N.

There spoke the Queen. But as thou lov'st thy  
Freedom,

Touch not on SELIM's Fate. Thy Soul will kindle,  
And Passion mount in Flames that will consume thee.

Z A P H I R A.

My murder'd Son ! yes, to revenge thy Death,  
I'll speak a Language which my Heart disdains.

O T H M A N.

Peace, Peace ! The Tyrant comes : Now, injur'd Queen,  
Plead for thy Freedom, hope for just Revenge,  
And check each rising Passion ! *[Exit OTHMAN.]*

*Enter BARBAROSSA.*

B A R B A R O S S A.

Hail, sov'reign Fair ! Thrice honor'd Queen ! in whom  
Beauty and Majesty conspire to charm !  
Behold the Conqu'ror, whose deciding Voice  
Can speak the Fate of Kingdoms, at thy Feet  
Lies conquer'd by thy Pow'r !

Z A P H I R A.

O BARBAROSSA !

No more the Pride of Conquest e'er can charm  
My widow'd Heart ! With my departed Lord  
My Love lies bury'd ! I should meet thy Flame  
With fullen Tears, and cold Indifference.

Then turn thee to some happier Fair, whose Heart  
May crown thy growing Love, with Love sincere ;  
For I have none to give !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Love ne'er shou'd die :

'Tis the Soul's Cordial : 'Tis the Fount of Life ;  
Therefore shou'd spring eternal in the Breast.  
One Object lost, another shou'd succeed.  
And all our Life be Love.

Z A P H I R A.

Urge me no more :-- Thou might'st with equal Hope

C

Woo

Woo the cold Marble weeping o'er a Tomb,  
 To meet thy Wishes! But if gen'rous Love  
 Dwell in thy Breast, vouchsafe me Proof sincere :  
 Give me safe Convoy to my native Vales  
 Of dear MUTIJA, where my Father reigns.

B A R B A R O S S A.

O blind to proffer'd Blifs ! what, fondly quit  
 This lofty Palace, and the envy'd Pomp  
 Of Empire, for an Arab's wand'ring Tent !  
 Where the mock Chieftain leads his vagrant Tribes  
 From Plain to Plain, as Thirst or Famine sways ;  
 Obscurely vain ; and faintly shadows out  
 The Majesty of Kings !---Far other Joys  
 Here shall attend thy Call : The winged Bark  
 For thee shall traverse Seas ; and ev'ry Clime  
 Be tributary to ZAPHIRA's Charms.  
 To Thee, exalted Fair, submissive Realms  
 Shall bow the Neck ; and swarthy Kings and Queens,  
 From the far-distant NIGER and the NILE,  
 Drawn captive at my conqu'ring Charriot-Wheels,  
 Shall kneel before thee.

Z A P H I R A.

Pomp and Pow'r are Toys,  
 Which ev'n the Mind at ease may well disdain.  
 But, ah ! what Mockery is the tinsel Pride  
 Of Splendor, when by wasting Woes, the Mind  
 Lies desolate within !---Such, such, is mine !  
 O'erwhelm'd with Ills, and dead to ev'ry Joy  
 Envy me not this last Request, to die  
 In my dear Father's Tents !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Thy Suit is vain---

Z A P H I R A.

Thus kneeling, at thy Feet--- !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Thou thankless Fair !

Thus to repay the Labours of my Love !  
 Had I not seiz'd the Throne when SELIM dy'd,      Ere

Ere this, thy Foes had laid ALGIERS in Ruin :  
I check'd the warring Pow'rs, and gave you Peace.

Z A P H I R A.

Peace dost thou call it ! what can worse be fear'd  
From the War's Rage, than Violence and Blood ?  
Have not unceasing Horrors mark'd thy Reign ?  
Thro' sev'n long Years, thy slaught'ring Sword hath reek'd  
With guiltless Blood.

B A R B A R O S S A.

With guiltless Blood ?---Take heed---  
Rouse not my slumb'ring Rage : Nor vindicate  
Thy Country's Guilt and Treason.

Z A P H I R A.

Where Violence reigns, there Innocence is Guilt,  
And Virtue, Treason.---Know, ZAPHIRA scorns  
Thy Menace.---Yes,--thy slaught'ring Sword hath reek'd  
With guiltless Blood. 'Thro' thee, Exile and Death  
Have thin'd ALGIERS. Is this thy boasted Peace ?  
So might the Tyger boast the Peace he brings  
When he o'erleaps by Stealth, and wastes the Fold.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Ungrateful Queen ! I'll give thee Proof of Love,  
Beyond thy Sex's Pride ! But make thee mine,  
I will descend the Throne, and call thy Son  
From Banishment to Empire.

Z A P H I R A.

Oh, my Heart !  
Can I bear this !---  
Inhuman Tyrant ! Curses on thy Head !  
May dire Remorse and Anguish haunt thy Throne,  
And gender in thy Bosom fell Despair !  
Despair as deep as mine !

B A R B A R O S S A.

What means ZAPHIRA ?  
What means this Burst of Grief ?

Z A P H I R A.

Thou fell Destroyer !

Had not Guilt steel'd thy Heart, awak'ning Conscience  
 Wou'd flash Conviction on thee, and each Look,  
 Shot from these Eyes, be arm'd with Serpent-Horrors,  
 To turn thee into Stone!--Relentless Man!  
 Who did the bloody Deed? Oh, tremble Guilt,  
 Where'er thou art!--Look on me!--Tell me, Tyrant,--  
 Who slew my blameless Son?

B A R B A R O S S A.

What envious Tongue,  
 My Foe, hath dar'd to taint my Name with Slander?  
 This is the Rumour of some coz'ning Slave,  
 Who thwarts my Peace. Believe it not, ZAPHIRA.  
 Thy SELIM lives: nay more, he soon shall reign,  
 If thou consent to bless me.

Z A P H I R A.

Never! Oh, never--Sooner wou'd I roam  
 An unknown Exile thro' the torrid Climes  
 Of AFRIC, sooner dwell with Wolves and Tygers,  
 Than mount with thee my murder'd SELIM's Throne!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Rash Queen, forbear! Think on thy Captive-State:  
 Remember, that within these Palace-Walls,  
 I am omnipotent: That every Knee  
 Bends at my dread Approach: That Shame and Honour,  
 Reward and Punishment, await my Nod,  
 The Vassals of my Pleasure---Yield thee then:  
 Avert the gath'ring Horrors that surround thee,  
 And dread my Pow'r incens'd.

Z A P H I R A.

Dares thy licentious Tongue pollute mine Ear  
 With that foul Menace?---Tyrant! Dread'st thou not  
 Th' all seeing Eye of Heav'n, its lifted Thunder,  
 And all the red'ning Vengeance which it stores  
 For Crimes like thine?--Yet know, thy Threats are vain.  
 Tho' robb'd by thee of ev'ry dear Support;  
 No Tyrant's Threat can awe the free-born Soul,  
 That greatly dares to Die.

[Exit ZAPHIRA.

B A R.



B A R B A R O S S A.

Where should she learn the Tale of SELIM's Death?  
 Cou'd OTHMAN dare to tell it? If he did,  
 My Rage shall sweep him, swifter than the Whirlwind,  
 To instant Death!--Curse on her Steadiness!  
 She lords it o'er my Heart. There is a Charm  
 Of Majesty in Virtue, that disarms  
 Reluctant Pow'r, and bends the struggling Will  
 From her most firm Resolve.

*Enter* A L A D I N.

Oh, A L A D I N!  
 Timely thou com'st, to ease my lab'ring Thought,  
 That swells with Indignation and Despair.  
 This stubborn Woman---

A L A D I N.

What, unconquer'd still?

B A R B A R O S S A.

The News of SELIM's Fate hath reach'd her Ear.  
 Whence could this come?

A L A D I N.

I can resolve thy Doubt.  
 A female Slave, Attendant on ZAPHIRA,  
 O'erheard the Messenger who brought the Tale,  
 And gave it to her Ear.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Perdition seize her!  
 No Threat can move, nor Promise now allure  
 Her haughty Soul: Nay, she defies my Pow'r:  
 And talks of Death, as if her female Form  
 Inshrin'd some Hero's Spirit.

A L A D I N.

Let her Rage foam.  
 I bring thee Tydings that will ease thy Pain.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Say'st thou?---Speak on---O give me quick Relief!--

A L A D I N.

The gallant Youth is come, who slew her Son.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Who? O M A R!

A L A D I N.

No: Unhappy O M A R fell  
By S E L I M's Hand. But A C H M E T, whom he join'd  
His brave Associate, so the Youth bids tell thee,  
Reveng'd his Death by S E L I M's.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Gallant Youth!  
Bears he the Signet?

A L A D I N.

Aye.

B A R B A R O S S A.

That speaks him true.---Conduct him, A L A D I N.

[Exit A L A D I N.]

This is beyond my Hope. The secret Pledge  
Restor'd, prevents Suspicion of the Deed,  
While it confirms it done.

*Enter A C H M E T and A L A D I N.*

A C H M E T.

Hail mighty B A R B A R O S S A! As the Pledge [Kneels.  
Of S E L I M's Death, behold thy Ring restor'd:  
That Pledge will speak the rest.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Rise, valiant Youth!  
But first, no more a Slave---I give thee Freedom.  
Thou art the Youth whom O M A R (now no more)  
Join'd his Companion in this brave Attempt?

A C H M E T.

I am.

B A R B A R O S S A.

'Then tell me how you sped.---Where found ye  
That Insolent!

A C H M E T.

We found him at O R A N,  
Plotting deep Mischiefs to thy Throne and People.

B A R-

B A R B A R O S S A.

Well ye repaid the Traitor.---

A C H M E T.

As we ought.

While Night drew on, we leapt upon our Prey.  
 Full at his Heart brave OMAR aim'd the Poignard,  
 Which SELIM shunning, wrench'd it from his Hand,  
 Then plung'd it in his Breast. I hasted on.  
 Too late to save, yet I reveng'd my Friend :  
 My thirsty Dagger, with repeated Blow,  
 Search'd ev'ry Artery : They fell together,  
 Gasping in Folds of mortal Enmity ;  
 And thus in Frowns expir'd.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Well hast thou sped.

Thy Dagger did its Office, faithful ACHMET ;  
 And high Reward shall wait thee.-----One thing more--  
 Be the Thought fortunate!--Go, seek the Queen.  
 For know the Rumour of her SELIM's Death  
 Hath reach'd her Ear : Hence dark Suspicions rise,  
 Squinting at me. Go, tell her, that thou saw'st  
 Her Son expire ; that with his dying Breath,  
 He did conjure her to receive my Vows,  
 And give her Country Peace.---That, sure will lull  
 Suspicion. ALADIN, that sure will win her.

A L A D I N.

'Tis wisely thought.---It must.

*Enter* O T H M A N.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Most welcome, OTHMAN.

Behold this gallant Stranger. He hath done  
 The State good Service. Let some high Reward  
 Await him, such as may o'erpay his Zeal.  
 Conduct him to the Queen ; for he hath Tidings  
 Worthy her Ear, from her departed Son ;  
 Such as may win her Love.---Come, ALADIN :  
 The Banquet waits our Presence : Festal Joy

Laughs in the mantling Goblet ; and the Night,  
 Illumin'd by the Taper's dazzling Beam,  
 Rivals departed Day. [*Ex. BARB. and ALAD.*]

A C H M E T.

What anxious Thought  
 Rows in thine Eye, and heaves thy lab'ring Breast ?  
 Why join'st thou not the loud Excess of Joy,  
 That riots thro' the Palace ?

O T H M A N.

Dar'st thou tell me,  
 On what dark Errand thou art here ?

A C H M E T.

I dare.  
 Dost thou not see the savage Lines of Blood  
 Deform my Visage ? Read'st not in mine Eye  
 Remorseless Fury ?---I am SELIM's Murd'rer.

O T H M A N.

His Murd'rer !

A C H M E T.

Start not from me.  
 My Dagger thirsts not but for regal Blood.  
 Why this Amazement ?

O T H M A N.

Amazement ?---No---'Tis well :---'tis as it should be.--  
 He was indeed a Foe to BARBAROSSA.

A C H M E T.

And therefore to ALGIERS :---Was it not so ?---  
 Why dost thou pause ? What Passion shakes thy Frame ?

O T H M A N.

Fate, do thy worst !---I can no more dissemble !---  
 Can I unmov'd behold the murd'ring Ruffian,  
 Smear'd with my Prince's Blood !---Go, tell the Tyrant,  
 OTHMAN defies his Pow'r ; that tir'd with Life  
 He dares his bloody Hand, and pleads to die.

A C H M E T.

What, didst thou love this SELIM ?

O T H M A N.

All Men lov'd him.

He

He was of such unmix'd and blameless Quality,  
That Envy, at his Praise stood mute, nor dar'd  
To sully his fair Name ! Remorseless Tyrant !

A C H M E T.

I do commend thy Faith. And since thou lov'st him,  
I'll whisper to thee, that with honest Guile  
I have deceiv'd this Tyrant BARBAROSSA:  
SELIM is yet alive.

O T H M A N.

Alive !

A C H M E T.

Nay, more---  
SELIM is in ALGIERS.

O T H M A N.

Impossible !

A C H M E T.

Why, if thou doubt'st, I'll bring him hither, straight.

O T H M A N.

Not for an Empire !  
Thou might'st as well bring the devoted Lamb  
Into the Tyger's Den.

A C H M E T.

Nay, but I'll bring him  
Hid in such deep Disguise, as shall deride  
Suspicion, tho' she wear the Lynx's Eye :  
Not ev'n thyself couldst know him.

O T H M A N.

Yes, sure : too sure, to hazard such an awful  
Trial !

A C H M E T.

Yet seven revolving Years, worn out  
In tedious Exile, may have wrought such Change  
Of Voice and Feature, in the State of Youth,  
As might elude thine Eye.

O T H M A N.

No Time can blot  
The Mem'ry of his sweet majestic Mien,  
The Lustre of his Eye ! Nay, more, he wears

A Mark indelible, a beauteous Scar,  
Made on his Forehead by a furious Pard,  
Which rushing on his Mother, SELIM flew.

A C H M E T.

A Scar !

O T H M A N.

Ay, on his Forehead.

A C H M E T.

What, like this ? *[Lifting his Turban.*

O T H M A N.

Whom do I see !---am I awake !---my Prince ! *[Kneels.*  
My honor'd, honor'd King !

S E L I M.

Rise, faithful OTHMAN.

Thus let me thank thy Truth ! *[Embraces him.*

O T H M A N.

Oh, happy Hour !

S E L I M.

Why dost thou tremble thus ? Why grasp my Hand ?  
And why that ardent Gaze ? Thou canst not doubt me ?

O T H M A N.

Ah, no ! I see thy Sire in ev'ry Line.---  
How did my Prince escape the Murd'rer's Hand ?

S E L I M.

I wrench'd the Dagger from him ; and gave back  
That Death he meant to bring. The Russian wore  
The Tyrant's Signet :---Take this Ring, he cry'd,  
The sole Return my dying Hand can make thee  
For its accurs'd Attempt : This Pledge restor'd,  
Will prove thee slain : Safe may'st thou see ALGIERS,  
Unknown to all.---This said, th'Affassin dy'd.

O T H M A N.

But how to gain Admittance, thus unknown ?

S E L I M.

Disguis'd as SELIM's Murderer I come :  
Th' Accomplice of the Deed : The Ring restor'd,  
Gain'd Credence to my Words.

O T H-

O T H M A N.

Yet e'er thou cam'st, thy Death was rumour'd here.

S E L I M.

I spread the flatt'ring Tale, and sent it hither;  
That babbling Rumour, like a lying Dream,  
Might make Belief more easy. Tell me, OTHMAN,---  
And yet I tremble to approach the Theme,---  
How fares my Mother? does she still sustain  
Her native Greatness?

O T H M A N.

Still: In vain the Tyrant  
Tempts her to Marriage, tho' with impious Threats  
Of Death or Violation.

S E L I M.

May kind Heav'n  
Strengthen her Virtue, and by me reward it!  
When shall I see her, OTHMAN?

O T H M A N.

Yet, my Prince,  
I tremble for thy Presence.

S E L I M.

Let not Fear  
Sully thy Virtue: 'Tis the Lot of Guilt  
To tremble. What hath Innocence to do with Fear.

O T H M A N.

Yet think---should BARBAROSSA---

S E L I M.

Dread him not---  
Thou know'st, by his Command, I see ZAPHIRA,  
And wrapt in this Disguise, I walk secure,  
As if from Heav'n some guardian Pow'r attending,  
Threw ten-fold Night around me.

O T H M A N.

Still my Heart  
Forebodes some dire Event!--O quit these Walls!

S E L I M.

Not till a Deed be done, which ev'ry Tyrant  
Shall tremble when he hears.

O T H-

O T H M A N.

What means my Prince ?

S E L I M.

To take just Vengeance for a Father's Blood,  
A Mother's Sufferings, and a People's Groan.

O T H M A N.

Alas, my Prince ! Thy single Arm is weak  
To combat Multitudes !

S E L I M.

Therefore I come,  
Clad in this Murd'rer's Guise---Ere Morning shines,  
This, OTHMAN---this---shall drink the Tyrant's Blood.  
[*Shews a Dagger.*]

O T H M A N.

Heav'n shield thy precious Life !---Let Caution rule  
Thy headlong Zeal !

S E L I M.

Nay, think not that I come  
Blindly impell'd by Fury or Despair :  
For I have seen our Friends, and parted now  
From SADI and ALMANZOR.

O T H M A N.

Say---what Hope ?  
My Soul is all Attention.---

S E L I M.

Mark me, then.  
A chosen Band of Citizens this Night  
Will storm the Palace ; while the glutted Troops  
Lie drench'd in Surfeit ; the confed'rate City,  
Bold thro' Despair, have sworn to break their Chain  
By one wide Slaughter. I, meantime, have gain'd  
The Palace, and will wait th' appointed Hour,  
To guard ZAPHIRA from the Tyrant's Rage,  
Amid' the deathful Uproar.

O T H M A N.

Heav'n protect thee---  
'Tis dreadful---What's the Hour !

S E L I M.

I left our Friends

In



In secret Council. Ere the dead of Night  
 Brave SADI will report their last Resolves.---  
 Now lead me to the Queen.---

O T H M A N.

Brave Prince, beware !  
 Her Joy's or Fear's excess, wou'd sure betray thee.  
 Thou shalt not see her, till the Tyrant perish !

S E L I M.

I must.---I feel some secret Impulse urge me.  
 Who knows that 'tis not the last parting Interview,  
 We ever shall obtain?

O T H M A N.

Then, on thy Life,  
 Do not reveal thyself.---Assume the Name  
 Of SELIM's Friend ; sent to confirm her Virtue,  
 And warn her that he lives.

S E L I M.

It shall be so: I yield me to thy Will.

O T H M A N.

Thou greatly daring Youth ! May Angels watch,  
 And guard thy upright Purpose ! That ALGIERS  
 May reap the Blessings of thy virtuous Reign,  
 And all thy Godlike Father shine in thee !

S E L I M.

Oh, thou hast rowz'd a Thought, on which Revenge  
 Mounts with redoubled Fire !--Yes, here, ev'n here--  
 Beneath this very Roof, my honor'd Father  
 Shed round his Blessings, till accursed Treach'ry  
 Stole on his peaceful Hour ! O, blessed Shade !  
 If yet thou hov'rest o'er thy once lov'd-Clime,  
 Now aid me to redress thy bleeding Wrongs !  
 Infuse thy mighty Spirit into my Breast,  
 Thy firm and dauntless Fortitude, unaw'd  
 By Peril, Pain, or Death ! that undismay'd,  
 I may pursue the just Intent ; and dare  
 Or bravely to Revenge, or bravely Die.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T



## A C T III.

*Enter I R E N E.*

CAN Air-drawn Visions mock the waking Eye,  
 Sure 'twas his Image!--Yet, his Presence here--  
 After full Rumour had confirm'd him dead!--  
 Beneath this hostile Roof to court Destruction!  
 It staggers all Belief! Silent he shot  
 Athwart my View, amid' the glimmering Lamps,  
 With swift and Ghost-like Step, that seem'd to shun  
 All human Converse. This way, sure he mov'd.  
 But Oh, how chang'd! He wears no gentle Smiles,  
 But Terror in his Frown. He comes.---'Tis He:---  
 For OTHMAN points him hither, and departs.  
 Disguis'd, he seeks the Queen: Secure, perhaps,  
 And heedless of the Ruin that surrounds him.  
 O generous SELIM! can I see thee thus;  
 And not forewarn such Virtue of its Fate!  
 Forbid it Gratitude!

*Enter S E L I M.*

S E L I M.

Be still, ye Sighs!  
 Ye struggling Tears of filial Love, be still.  
 Down, down fond Heart!

I R E N E.

Why, Stranger, dost thou wander here?

S E L I M.

Oh, Ruin!

*[Shunning her.]*

I R E N E.

Blest, is IRENE! Blest if SELIM lives!

S E L I M

S E L I M.

Am I betray'd!

I R E N E.

Betray'd! to whom? To Her  
 Whose grateful Heart would rush on Death to save thee!

S E L I M.

It was my Hope,  
 That Time had veil'd all Semblance of my Youth,  
 And thrown the Mask of Manhood o'er my Visage.---  
 Am I then known?

I R E N E.

To none, but Love and Me.---  
 To me, who late beheld thee at ORAN;  
 Who saw thee here, beset with unseen Peril,  
 And flew to save the Guardian of my Honour.

S E L I M.

Thou Sum of ev'ry Worth! Thou Heav'n of Sweet-  
 nefs!

How cou'd I pour forth all my Soul before thee,  
 In Vows of endless Truth!---It must not be!---  
 This is my destin'd Goal!---The Mansion drear,  
 Where Grief and Anguish dwell! where bitter Tears,  
 And Sighs, and Lamentations, choak the Voice,  
 And quench the Flame of Love!

I R E N E.

Yet, virtuous Prince,  
 Tho' Love be silent, Gratitude may speak.  
 Hear then her Voice, which warns thee from these Walls.  
 Mine be the grateful Task, to tell the Queen,  
 Her SELIM lives. Ruin and Death inclose thee.  
 O speed thee hence, while yet Destruction sleeps!

S E L I M.

Too generous Maid! Oh, Heav'n! that BAREAROSSA  
 Shou'd be IRENE's Father.

I R E N E.

Injur'd Prince!  
 Lose not a Thought on me! I know thy Wrongs,

I

And

And merit not thy Love. No, learn to hate me.  
Or if IRENE e'er can hope such Kindness,  
First pity, then forget me !

SELIM.

When I do,  
May Heav'n pour down its righteous Vengeance on me !

IRENE.

Hence ! haste thee, hence !

SELIM.

Wou'd it were possible !

IRENE.

What can prevent it ?

SELIM.

Justice ! Fate, and Justice !  
A murder'd Father's Wrongs !

IRENE.

Ah, Prince, take heed !  
I have a Father too !

SELIM.

What did I say ?---my Father?---not my Father.---  
Can I depart till I have seen ZAPHIRA ?---

IRENE.

Justice, said'st thou ?  
That Word hath struck me, like a Peal of Thunder !  
Thine Eye, which wont to melt with gentle Love,  
Now glares with Terror ! Thy Approach by Night---  
Thy dark Disguise, thy Looks, and fierce Demenor,  
Yes, all conspire to tell me, I am lost !  
Think, SELIM, what IRENE must indure,  
Shou'd she be guilty of a Father's Blood !

SELIM.

A Father's Blood !

IRENE.

Too sure. In vain thou hid'st  
Thy dire Intent ! Forbid it, Heav'n, IRENE

Shou'd

Shou'd see Destruction hov'ring o'er her Father,  
And not prevent the Blow!

S E L I M.

Is this thy Love,  
Thy Gratitude to him who sav'd thy Honour?

I R E N E.

'Tis Gratitude to him who gave me Life:  
He who preserv'd me claims the second Place.

S E L I M.

Is he not a Tyrant, Murderer?

I R E N E.

O spare my Shame! I am his Daughter still!

S E L I M.

Wou'dst thou become the Partner of his Crimes?

I R E N E.

Forbid it Heav'n!--Yet I must save a Father!

S E L I M.

Come on then. Lead me to him. Glut thine Eye  
With SELIM's Blood---

I R E N E.

Was e'er Distress like mine!  
O SELIM can I see my Father Perish!--  
Wou'd I had ne'er been born!

[Weeps.]

S E L I M.

Thou virtuous Maid!  
My Heart bleeds for thee!

I R E N E.

Quit, O quit these Walls!  
Heav'n will ordain some gentler, happier Means,  
To heal thy Woes! Thy dark Attempt is big  
With Horror and Destruction! Generous Prince!  
Resign thy dreadful Purpose, and depart!

S E L I M.

May not I see ZAPHIRA, ere I go?  
Thy gentle Pity will not, sure, deny us  
The mournful Pleasure of a parting Tear?

D

I R E N E.

I R E N E.

Go, then, and give her Peace. But fly these Walls,  
 As soon as Morning shines :---Else, tho' Despair  
 Drive me to Madneſs ;---yet---to ſave a Father !--  
 O SELIM ! ſpare my Tongue the horrid Sentence !---  
 Fly ! ere Deſtruction ſeize thee ! [Exit IRENE.]

S E L I M.

Death and Ruin !  
 Muſt I then fly ?--what !--Coward-like betray  
 My Father, Mother, Friends ?---Vain Terrors, hence !  
 Danger looks big, to Fear's deluded Eye.  
 But Courage, on the Heights and Steps of Fate,  
 Dares ſnatch her glorious Purpoſe from the Edge  
 Of Peril : and while ſick'ning Caution ſhrinks,  
 Or ſelf-betray'd, falls headlong down the Steep ;  
 Calm Reſolution, unappal'd, can walk  
 The giddy Brink, ſecure.---Now to the Queen.---  
 How ſhall I dare to meet her thus unknown !  
 How ſtifle the warm Tranſports of my Heart,  
 Which pants at her Approach !--Who waits ZAPHIRA ?--

*Enter a female* S L A V E.

S L A V E.

Whence this Intruſion, Stranger ? at an Hour  
 Deſtin'd to Reſt ?

S E L I M.

I come, to ſeek the Queen,  
 On matter of ſuch Import, as may claim  
 Her ſpeedy Audience.

S L A V E.

Thy Requeſt is vain.  
 Ev'n now the Queen hath heard the mournful Tale  
 Of her Son's Death, and drown'd in Grief ſhe lies.  
 Thou canſt not ſee her.

S E L I M.

Tell the Queen, I come  
 On Meſſage from her dear, departed Son ;  
 And bring his laſt Requeſt.

S L A V E.

S L A V E.

I'll haste to tell her.

With all a Mother's tend'rest Love she'll fly,  
To meet that Name.

[Exit SLAVE.]

S E L I M.

O ill-dissembling Heart!--My ev'ry Limb  
Trembles with grateful Terror!--Wou'd to Heav'n,  
I had not come! Some Look, or starting Tear,  
Will sure betray me.--Honest Guile assist  
My fault'ring Tongue!

*Enter Z A P H I R A.*

Z A P H I R A.

Where is this pious Stranger?---  
Say, generous Youth, whose Pity leads thee thus  
To seek the weeping Mansions of Distress!  
Didst thou behold in Death my hapless Son?  
Didst thou receive my SELIM's parting Breath?  
Did he remember me?

S E L I M.

Most honor'd Queen!  
Thy Son,---Forgive these gushing Tears, which flow  
To see Distress like thine!

Z A P H I R A.

I thank thy Pity!  
'Tis generous thus to feel for others Woe.---  
What of my Son? Say, didst thou see him die?

S E L I M.

By BARBAROSSA's dread Command I come,  
To tell thee, that these Eyes alone beheld  
Thy Son expire.

Z A P H I R A.

Oh Heav'n!--my dearest Child!

S E L I M.

That ev'n in Death, the pious Youth remember'd  
His royal Mother's Woes.

Z A P H I R A.

Where, where was I?

D ~

Relent-

Relentless Fate !---that I shou'd be deny'd  
 The mournful Privilege, to see him die !  
 To clasp him in the Agony of death,  
 And catch his parting Soul ! O tell me all,  
 All that he said and look'd : Deep in my Heart  
 That I may treasure ev'ry parting Word,  
 Each dying Whisper of my dear, dear Son ?

S E L I M.

Let not my Words offend.---What if he said,  
 Go, tell my hapless Mother, that her Tears  
 Have stream'd too long : Then bid her weep no more :  
 Bid her forget the Husband and the Son,  
 In BARBAROSSA'S Arms !

Z A P H I R A.

O, false as Hell !  
 Thou art some creeping Slave to B A R B A R O S S A,  
 Sent to surprize my unsuspecting Heart !  
 False Slave, begone !---My Son betray me thus !---  
 Cou'd he have e'er conceiv'd so base a Purpose,  
 My Griefs for him shou'd end in great Disdain !---  
 But he was brave ; and scorn'd a Thought so vile !  
 Wretched Z A P H I R A ! How art thou become  
 The Sport of Slaves !---O Griefs incurable !

S E L I M.

Yet hope for Peace, unhappy Queen ! Thy Woes  
 May yet have end.

Z A P H I R A.

Why weep'st thou Crocodile ?  
 Thy treach'rous Tears are vain.

S E L I M.

My Tears are honest.  
 I am not what thou think'st.

Z A P H I R A.

Who art thou then !

S E L I M.

Oh, my full Heart !---I am---thy Friend, and S E L I M'S.  
 I come not to insult but heal thy Woes.---

Now



Now check thy Heart's wild Tumult, while I tell thee---  
Perhaps---thy Son yet lives.

Z A P H I R A.

O gracious Heav'n!  
Do I not dream? say, Stranger,---didst thou tell me,  
Perhaps my SELIM lives?---What do I ask?  
Fond, fond, and fruitless Hope!---What mortal Pow'r  
Can e'er re-animate his mangled Coarse,  
Shoot Life into the cold and silent Tomb,  
Or bid the ruthless Grave give up its Dead!

S E L I M.

O pow'rful Nature, thou wilt sure betray me! [*Aside.*  
Thy SELIM lives: For since his rumour'd Death,  
I saw him at ORAN.

Z A P H I R A.

Is not then, my SELIM dead?

S E L I M.

He is not.

Z A P H I R A.

Didst thou not say, thou saw'st my son expire?  
Didst not ev'n now relate his dying Words?

S E L I M.

It was an honest Falshood, meant to prove  
ZAPHIRA's unstain'd Virtue.

Z A P H I R A.

Why---but OTHMAN---

OTHMAN affirm'd that my poor Son was dead:  
And I have heard, the Murderer is come,  
In triumph o'er his dear and innocent Blood.

S E L I M.

I am that Murderer,---Beneath this Guise  
I spread th' abortive Tale of SELIM's Death,  
And haply won the Tyrant's Confidence.  
Hence gain'd Access: And from thy SELIM tell thee,  
SELIM yet lives; and honours all thy Virtues.

Z A P H I R A.

O generous Youth, who art thou?---From what Clime

Comes such exalted Virtue, as dares give  
 A Pause to Griefs like mine !--As dares approach,  
 And prop the Ruin tott'ring on its Base,  
 Which selfish Caution shuns !---Oh, say---who art thou ?

S E L I M.

A friendless Youth, self-banish'd with thy Son ;  
 Long his Companion in Distress and Danger :  
 One who rever'd thy Worth in prosp'rous Days :  
 And more reveres thy Virtue in Distress.

Z A P H I R A.

O tell me truly then---mock not my Woes,  
 But tell me truly,---does my S E L I M live ?

S E L I M.

He does, by Heav'n !

Z A P H I R A.

And does he still remember  
 His Father's Wrongs, and mine !

S E L I M.

He bade me tell thee,  
 That in his Heart indelibly are stamp'd  
 His Father's Wrongs, and Thine : That he but waits  
 'Till awful Justice may unsheath her Sword,  
 And Lust and Murder tremble at her Frown !  
 That till th' Arrival of that happy Hour,  
 Deep in his Soul the hidden Fire shall glow,  
 And his Breast labour with the great Revenge !

Z A P H I R A.

Eternal Blessings crown my virtuous Son !  
 I feel my Heart revive ! Here, Peace once more  
 Begins to dawn.

S E L I M.

Much honor'd Queen, farewell.

Z A P H I R A.

Not yet,---not yet ;---indulge a Mother's Love !  
 In thee, the kind Companion of his Griefs,  
 Methinks I see my S E L I M stand before me.  
 Depart not yet. A thousand fond Requests

Croud

Croud on my Mind. Wishes, and Pray'rs and Tears,  
Are all I have to give. O bear him these !

S E L I M.

Take Comfort then ; for know thy Son, o'erjoy'd  
To rescue thee, wou'd bleed at ev'ry Vein !---  
Bid her, he said, yet hope we may be blest !  
Bid her remember that the Ways of Heav'n,  
Tho' dark, are just : That oft' some Guardian Pow'r  
Attends unseen, to save the innocent !  
But if high Heav'n decrees our Fall,---O bid her  
Firmly to wait the Stroke ; prepar'd alike  
To live or die ! and then he wept, as I do.

Z A P H I R A.

O righteous Heav'n ! Thou hast at length o'erpay'd  
My bitt'rest Pangs ; if my dear SELIM lives,  
And lives for me!--- hear my departing Pray'r ! [*Kneels.*  
O spare my Son !---Protect his tender Years !  
Be thou his Guide through Dangers and Distress !  
Soften the Rigours of his cruel Exile,  
And lead him to his Throne!---when I am gone,  
Bless thou his peaceful Reign ! Oh, early bless him  
With the sweet Pledges of connubial Love ;  
That he may win his Virtue's just Reward,  
And taste the Raptures which a Parent's Heart  
Reaps from a Child like him ! Not for myself,---  
But my dear Son,---accept my parting Tears !

[*Exit ZAPHIRA.*

S E L I M.

Now, swelling Heart,  
Indulge the Luxury of Grief ! Flow Tears !  
And rain down Transport in the Shape of Sorrow !  
Yes, I have sooth'd her Woes ; have found her Noble :  
And to have giv'n this Respite to her Pangs,  
O'erpay's all Pain and Peril!---Pow'rful Virtue !  
How infinite thy Joys, when ev'n thy Griefs  
Are pleasing!---Thou, superior to the Frowns

Of Fate, can't pour thy Sunshine o'er the Soul,  
And brighten Woe to Rapture!

*Enter OTHMAN and SADI.*

Honor'd Friends!

How goes the Night?

SADI.

'Tis well nigh Midnight.

OTHMAN.

What---in Tears, my Prince?

SELIM.

But Tears of Joy: For I have seen ZAPHIRA,  
And pour'd the Balm of Peace into her Breast:  
Think not these Tears unnerve me, valiant Friends:  
They have but harmoniz'd my Soul; and wak'd  
All that is Man within me, to disdain  
Peril, or Death.---What Tydings from the City?

SADI.

All, all is ready. Our confed'rate Friends  
Burn with Impatience, till the Hour arrive.

SELIM.

What is the Signal of th' appointed Hour?

SADI.

The Midnight Watch gives Signal of our Meeting:-  
And when the second Watch of Night is rung,  
The work of Death begins.

SELIM.

Speed, speed ye Minutes!  
Now let the rising Whirlwind shake ALGIERS,  
And Justice guide the storm! Scarce two Hours hence---

SADI.

Scarce more than one.

SELIM.

But as ye love my Life,  
Let your Zeal hasten on the great Event:  
The Tyrant's Daughter found, and knew me here;  
And half suspects the Cause.

OTH-

O T H M A N.

Too daring Prince,  
Retire with us ! Her Fears will sure betray thee !

S E L I M.

What ? leave my helpless Mother, here, a Prey  
To Cruelty and Lust ?---I'll perish first :  
This very Night the Tyrant threatens Violence :  
I'll watch his Steps : I'll haunt him thro' the Palace :  
And, thou'd he meditate a Deed so vile,  
I'll hover o'er him like an unseen Pestilence,  
And blast him in his Guilt !

S A D I.

Intrepid Prince !  
Worthy of Empire !---Yet accept my Life,  
My worthless Life : Do thou retire with OTHMAN ;  
I will protect ZAPHIRA.

S E L I M.

Think'st thou, SADI,  
That when the trying Hour of Peril comes,  
SELIM will shrink into a common Man !  
Worthless were he to rule, who dares not claim  
Pre-eminence in Danger. Urge no more.  
Here shall my Station be : And if I fall,  
O Friends, let me have Vengeance !---Tell me now,  
Where is the Tyrant ?

O T H M A N.

Revelling at the Banquet.

S E L I M.

'Tis good.---Now tell me, how our Pow'rs are destin'd ?

S A D I.

Near ev'ry Port, a secret Band is posted :  
By these the watchful Centinels must perish :  
The rest is easy : For the glutted Troops  
Lie drown'd in Sleep ; the Dagger's cheapest Prey.  
ALMANZOR, with his Friends, will circle round  
The Avenues of the Palace. OTHMAN and I  
Will lead our brave Confederates (all sworn

To

To conquer or to die) and burst the Gates  
Of this foul Den. Then tremble BARBAROSSA !

S E L I M.

Oh, how the near Approach of this great Hour  
Fires all my Soul ! But, valiant Friends, I charge you,  
Reserve the Murd'rer to my just Revenge ;  
My Poignard claims his Blood.

O T H M A N.

Forgive me, Prince !  
Forgive my Doubts!--Think---shou'd the fair IRENE--

S E L I M.

Thy Doubts are vain. I wou'd not spare the Tyrant,  
Tho' the sweet Maid lay weeping at my Feet !  
Nay, shou'd he fall by any Hand but mine ;  
By Heav'n, I'd think my honor'd Father's Blood  
Scarce half reveng'd ! My Love indeed is strong !  
But Love shall yield to Justice !

S A D I.

Gallant Prince !  
Bravely resolv'd !

S E L I M.

But is the City quiet ?

S A D I.

All, all is hush'd. Throughout the empty Streets,  
Nor Voice, nor Sound. As if th' Inhabitants,  
Like the presaging Herds that seek the Covert  
Ere the loud Thunder rowls, had inly felt  
And shun'd th' impending Uproar.

O T H M A N.

There is a solemn Horror in the Night too,  
That pleases me : A general Pause thro' Nature :  
'The Winds are hush'd---

S A D I.

And as I pass'd the Beach,  
The lazy Billow scarce cou'd lash the Shore :  
Nor Star peeps thro' the Firmament of Heav'n---

S E L I M.

S E L I M.

And lo---where Eastward, o'er the fullen Wave,  
 The waining Moon, depriv'd of half her Orb,  
 Rises in Blood : Her Beam, well-nigh extinct,  
 Faintly contents with Darknefs--- [Bell tolls.  
 Hark!---what meant  
 That tolling Bell?

O T H M A N.

It rings the Midnight Watch.

S A D I.

This was the Signal---

Come, OTHMAN, we are call'd : The passing Minutes  
 Chide our Delay : Brave OTHMAN, let us hence.

S E L I M.

One last Embrace!---nor doubt, but crown'd with Glory,  
 We soon shall meet again. But oh, remember  
 Amid' Tumult's Rage, remember Mercy !  
 Stain not a righteous Cause with guiltless Blood !  
 Warn our brave Friends, that we unsheath the Sword,  
 Not to destroy, but save ! Nor let blind Zeal,  
 Or wanton Cruelty, e'er turn its Edge  
 On Age or Innocence ! Or bid us stab,  
 Where the most pitying Angel in the Skies  
 That now looks on us from his blest Abode,  
 Wou'd wish that we shou'd spare.

O T H M A N,

So may we prosper,  
 As Mercy shall direct us !

S E L I M.

Farewel, Friends !

S A D I.

Intrepid Prince, Farewel ! [Ex. OTH. and SADI.

S E L I M.

Now Sleep and Silence  
 Brood o'er the City.---The devoted Centinel  
 Now takes his lonely stand ; and idly dreams,  
 Of that to-morrow, which shall never come !

In this dread Interval, O busy Thought,  
 From outward Things descend into thyself!  
 Search deep my Heart! Bring with thee awful Conscience,  
 And firm resolve! That in th' approaching Hour  
 Of Blood and Horror, I may stand unmov'd,  
 Nor fear to strike where Justice calls, nor dare  
 To strike where she forbids!---Why bear I then  
 This dark, insidious Dagger?---'Tis the Badge  
 Of vile Assassins; of the Coward Hand  
 That dares not meet its Foe!--Detested Thought!  
 Yet,---as foul Lust and Murder, tho' on Thrones  
 Triumphant, still retain their hell-born Quality;  
 So Justice, groaning beneath countless Wrongs,  
 Quits not her spotless and celestial Nature;  
 But in th' unhallow'd Murderer's Disguise,  
 Can sanctify this Steel!  
 Then be it so:---Witness, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,  
 That not from you, but from the Murd'rer's Eye,  
 I wrap myself in Night!--To you I stand  
 Reveal'd in Noon-tide Day!--Oh, cou'd I arm  
 My Hand with War! Then like to you, array'd  
 In Storm and Fire, my swift-avenging Thunder  
 Shou'd blast this Tyrant. But since Fate denies  
 That Privilege, I'll seize on what it gives:  
 Like the deep-cavern'd Earthquake, burst beneath him,  
 And whelm his Throne, his Empire, and himself,  
 In one prodigious Ruin!







## A C T IV.

*Enter IRENE and ALADIN.*

IRENE.

**B**UT didst thou tell him, ALADIN, my Fears  
Brook no Delay?

ALADIN.

I did.

IRENE.

Why comes he not !  
Oh, what a dreadful Dream !---'Twas surely more  
Than troubled Fancy : Never was my Soul  
Shook with such hideous Phantoms !--Still he lingers !  
Return, return : and tell him that his Daughter  
Dies, till she warn him of his threatening Ruin !

ALADIN.

Behold, he comes.

[*Exit ALADIN.*

*Enter BARBAROSSA.*

BARBAROSSA.

Thou bane of all my Joys !  
Some gloomy Planet surely rul'd thy Birth !  
Ev'n now thy ill-tim'd Fear suspends the Banquet,  
And damps the festal Hour.

IRENE.

Forgive my Fear !

BARBAROSSA.

What Fear, what Phantom hath possess'd thy Brain ?

IRENE.

Oh guard thee from the Terrors of this Night.  
For Terror lurks unseen.

B A R -

B A R B A R O S S A.

What Terror? speak.

Wou'dst thou unman me into female Weakness?---  
Say, what thou dread'st, and why? I have a Soul  
To meet the blackest Dangers undismay'd.

I R E N E.

Let not my Father check with stern Rebuke  
The warning Voice of Nature. For ev'n now,  
Retir'd to Rest, soon as I clos'd mine Eyes,  
A horrid Vision rose--Methought I saw  
Young SELIM rising from the silent Tomb:  
Mangled and Bloody was his Coarse: his Hair  
Clotted with Gore; his glaring Eyes on Fire!  
Dreadful he shook a Dagger in his Hand.  
By some mysterious Pow'r he rose in Air.  
When lo,--at his Command, this yawning Roof  
Was cleft in Twain, and gave the Phantom Entrance!  
Swift he descended with terrific Brow,  
Rush'd on my guardless Father at the Banquet,  
And plung'd his furious Dagger in thy Breast!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Wou'dst thou appal me by a brain-sick Vision?  
Get thee to Rest.--Sleep but as sound till Morn,  
As SELIM in his Grave shall sleep for ever,  
And then no haggard Dreams shall ride thy Fancy!

I R E N E.

Yet hear me, dearest Father!

B A R B A R O S S A.

To the Couch!  
Provoke me not.--

I R E N E.

What shall I say, to move him!  
Merciful Heav'n, instruct me what to do!

*Enter* A L A D I N.

B A R B A R O S S A.

What mean thy Looks?--why dost thou gaze so wildly?

I

A L A D I N.

A L A D I N.

I hasted to inform thee, that ev'n now,  
 Rounding the Watch, I met the brave AEDALLA,  
 Breathless with Tydings of a Rumour dark,  
 Which runs throughout the City, that young SELIM  
 Is yet alive---

B A R B A R O S S A.

May Plagues consume the Tongue  
 That broach'd the Falshood !---'Tis not possible---  
 What did he tell thee further ?

A L A D I N.

More he said not :  
 Save only, that the spreading Rumour wak'd  
 A Spirit of Revolt.

I R E N E.

O gracious Father !---

B A R B A R O S S A.

The Rumour lies.---And, yet, your Coward Fears  
 Infect me !---What !---shall I be terrify'd  
 By midnight Visions ?---Can the troubled Brain  
 Of Sleep out-stretch the Reason's waking Eye ?  
 I'll not believe it.

A L A D I N.

But this gath'ring Rumour---  
 Think but on that, my Lord !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Infernal Darknes  
 Swallow the Slave that rais'd it !---Yet, I'll do  
 What Caution dictates.---Hark thee. ALADIN--  
 Slave, hear my Will.---See that the Watch be doubled---  
 Seek out this strange Achmet ; and forthwith  
 Let him be brought before me.

I R E N E.

O my Father !  
 I do conjure thee, as thou lov'st thy Life,  
 Retire, and trust thee to thy faithful Guards--  
 See not this Achmet !

B A R

B A R B A R O S S A.

Not see him ?--Death and Torment !---  
 Think'st thou, I fear a single Arm that's mortal ?  
 Not see him ?--Forthwith bring the Slave before me.---  
 If he prove false,--if hated SELIM live,  
 I'll heap such Vengeance on him----

I R E N E.

Mercy ! Mercy !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Mercy,---To whom ?

I R E N E.

To me:--and to thyself :  
 To him---to all---Thou think'st I rave ; yet true  
 My Visions are, as ever Prophet utter'd,  
 When Heavn inspires his Tongue !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Ne'er did the Moon-struck Madman rave with Dreams  
 More wild than thine !--Get thee to rest ; e'er yet  
 Thy Folly wake my Rage.--Call ACHMET hither.

I R E N E.

Thus prostrate on my Knees !---O see him not.  
 SELIM is dead :--Indeed the Rumour lies !--  
 There is no Danger near :--Or, if there be,  
 ACHMET is innocent !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Off, frantic Wretch !  
 This Ideot-Dream hath turn'd her Brain to Madnefs !  
 Hence--to thy Chamber, till returning Reason  
 Hath calm'd this Tempest.--On thy Duty hence !

I R E N E.

Yet hear the Voice of Caution !--Cruel Fate !  
 What have I done !--Heav'n shield my dearest Father !  
 Heav'n shield the innocent !--Undone I R E N E !  
 Whate'er th' Event, thy Doom is Misery. [Exit I R E N E.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Her Words are wrapt in Darknefs.--ALADIN,  
 Forthwith send ACHMET hither.--Mark him well.--

His Countenance and Gesture.---Then with speed,  
Double the Centinels. [Exit ALADIN.  
Infernal Guilt !

How dost thou rise in ev'ry hideous Shape,  
Of Rage and Doubt, Suspicion and Despair,  
To rend my Soul ! more wretched far than they,  
Made wretched by my Crimes !---Why did I not  
Repent, while yet my Crimes were delible !  
Ere they had struck their Colours thro' my Soul,  
As black as Night or Hell !---'Tis now too late !---  
Hence then, ye vain Repinings !---Take me all,  
Unfeeling Guilt ! O banish, if thou canst,  
This fell Remorse, and ev'ry fruitless Fear !  
Be this my Glory,---to be great in Evil !  
To combat my own Heart, and, scorning Conscience,  
Rise to exalted Crimes !

*Enter SELIM.*

Come hither, Slave :---  
Hear me, and tremble :--Art thou what thou seem'st ?  
S E L I M.

Ha !--

B A R B A R O S S A.

Do'st thou pause ?---By Hell, the Slave's confounded !  
S E L I M.

That BARBAROSSA shou'd suspect my Truth !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Take heed ! For by the hov'ring Pow'rs of Vengeance,  
If I do find thee treach'rous, I will doom thee  
To Death and Torment, such as human Thought  
Ne'er yet conceiv'd ! Thou com'st beneath the Guise  
Of SELIM's Murderer.---Now tell me :---Is not  
That SELIM yet alive ?

S E L I M.

SELIM alive !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Perdition on thee ! Dost thou echo me !  
Answer me quick, or Die ! [Draws his Dagger.  
E S E L I M.

S E L I M.

Yes, freely strike.--

Already hast thou giv'n the fatal Wound,  
 And pierc'd my Heart with thy unkind Suspicion!  
 Oh, cou'd my Dagger find a Tongue, to tell  
 How deep it drank his Blood!--But since thy Doubt  
 Thus wrongs my Zeal,--Behold my Breast--strike here---  
 For bold is Innocence.

B A R B A R O S S A.

I scorn the Task.

*[Puts up his Dagger.]*

Time shall decide thy Doom.---Guards, mark me well.  
 See that ye watch the Motions of this Slave:  
 And if he meditates t'escape your Eye,  
 Let your good Sabres cleave him to the Chine.

S E L I M.

I yield me to thy Will, and when thou know'st  
 That SELIM lives, or seest his hated Face,  
 Then wreak thy Vengeance on me.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Bear him hence.--

Yet, on your Lives, await me within Call.--  
 I will have deeper Inquisition made:  
 Haply some Witness may confront the Slave,  
 And drag to Light his Falshood.

*[Exeunt SELIM and Guards.]*

Call ZAPHIRA.

*[Exit a SLAVE.]*

If SELIM lives--then what is BARBAROSSA?  
 My Throne's a Bubble, that but floats in Air,  
 Till Marriage-Rites declare ZAPHIRA mine.---  
 Fool that I am! To wait the weak Effects  
 Of slow Persuasion: when unbounded Pow'r  
 Can give me all I wish!--Slave, hear my Will,--  
 Fly,---bid the Priest prepare the Marriage-Rites.  
 Let Incense rise to Heav'n; and choral Songs  
 Attend ZAPHIRA to the nuptial Bed. *[Exit SLAVE.]*  
 I will not brook Delay.--By Love and Vengeance,  
 This Hour decides her Fate!

*Enter*

*Enter Z A P H I R A.*

Well, haughty Fair.---

Hath Reason yet subdu'd thee ? Wilt thou hear  
The Voice of Love ?

*Z A P H I R A.*

Why dost thou vainly urge me ?  
Thou know'st my fix'd Resolve.

*B A R B A R O S S A.*

Can aught but Phrenzy  
Rush on Perdition ?

*Z A P H I R A.*

Therefore shall no Pow'r  
E'er make me thine.

*B A R B A R O S S A.*

Nay, sport not with my Rage :  
Tho' yon suspected Slave affirms him dead ;  
Yet Rumour whispers, that young SELIM lives.

*Z A P H I R A.*

Cou'd I but think him so ! my earnest Pray'r  
Shou'd rise to Heav'n, to keep him far from thee !

*B A R B A R O S S A.*

Therefore, lest Treach'ry undermine my Pow'r,  
Know, that thy final Hour of Choice is come !

*Z A P H I R A.*

I have no Choice.---Think'st thou I e'er will wed  
The Murderer of my Lord ?

*B A R B A R O S S A.*

Take heed, rash Queen !  
Tell me thy last Resolve.

*Z A P H I R A.*

Then hear me, Heav'n !  
Hear all ye Pow'rs that watch o'er Innocence !  
Angels of Light ! And thou, dear honor'd Shade  
Of my departed Lord ! attend, while here  
I ratify with Vows my last Resolve !  
If e'er I wed this Tyrant Murderer,  
If I pollute me with this horrid Union,

Black as Adultery or damned Incest,  
 May ye, the Ministers of Heav'n, depart,  
 Nor shed your Influence on the guilty Scene !---  
 May Horror blacken all our Days and Nights !  
 May Discord light the Nuptial Torch ! And rising  
 From Hell, may swarming Fiends in Triumph howl  
 Around th' accursed Bed !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Begone, Remorse !---  
 Guards do your Office : Drag her to the Altar.  
 Heed not her Tears or Cries.---What ?---dare ye doubt ?  
 Instant obey my Bidding ;--or, by Hell,  
 Torment and Death shall overtake you all !

*[Guards go to seize ZAPHIRA.]*

Z A P H I R A.

O spare me !---Heav'n protect me !---O my Son,  
 Wert thou but here, to save thy helpless Mother !---  
 What shall I do !---Undone, undone ZAPHIRA !

*Enter S E L I M.*

S E L I M.

Who call'd on ACHMET ?---Did not BARBAROSSA  
 Require me here ?

B A R B A R O S S A.

Officious Slave, retire !  
 I call'd thee not.

Z A P H I R A.

O kind and gen'rous Stranger, lend thy Aid !  
 O rescue me from these impending Horrors !  
 Heav'n will reward thy Pity !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Drag her hence !

S E L I M.

Pity her Woes, O mighty B A R B A R O S S A !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Rouze not my Vengeance, Slave !

S E L I M.

Oh, hear me, hear me !

*[Kneels.]*

I

B A R-



BARBAROSSA.

Curse on thy forward Zeal!--

SELIM.

Yet, yet have Mercy.

*[Lays hold of BARBAROSSA's Garment.]*

BARBAROSSA.

Prefuming Slave, begone!

*[Strikes SELIM.]*

SELIM.

Nay, then,---die Tyrant.

*[Rises, and aims to stab BARBAROSSA.]*

BARBAROSSA *wrests his Dagger from him.*

BARBAROSSA.

Ah, Traitor, have I caught thee.----Hold---forbear---

*[To Guards who offer to kill SELIM.]*

Kill him not yet.--I will have greater Vengeance.--

Perfidious Wretch, who art thou?--Bring the Rack:

Let that extort the Secrets of his Heart.

SELIM.

Thy impious Threats are lost! I know that Death

And Torments are my Doom.--Yet, ere I die,

I'll strike thy Soul with Horror.--Off, vile Habit!--

Let me emerge from this dark Cloud that hides me,

And make my Setting glorious!--If thou dar'st,

Now view me!--Hear me, Tyrant!--while with Voice

More dreadful than of Thunder, I proclaim,

That he who aim'd the Dagger at thy Heart,

Is SELIM!

ZAPHIRA.

O Heav'n! my Son! my Son!

*[She faints.]*

SELIM.

Unhappy Mother!

*[Runs to embrace her.]*

BARBAROSSA.

Tear them asunder.

*[Guards separate them.]*

SELIM.

Barb'rous, barb'rous Ruffians!

BARBAROSSA.

Slaves, seize the Traitor.

*[They offer to seize him.]*

S E L I M.

Off, ye vile Slaves! I am your King!--Retire,  
And tremble at my Frowns! That is the Traitor;  
That is the Murd'rer, Tyrant, Ravisher: Seize him,  
And do your Country Right!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Ah, Coward Dogs!  
Start ye at Words!--or seize him, or by Hell,  
This Dagger ends you all. *[They seize him.]*

S E L I M.

'Tis done!--Dost thou revive, unhappy Queen!  
Now arm thy Soul with Patience!

Z A P H I R A.

My dear Son!--  
Do I then live, once more to see my SELIM!--  
But Oh--to see thee thus!-- *[Weeping.]*

S E L I M.

Canst thou behold  
Her speechless Agonies, and not relent!

B A R B A R O S S A.

At length Revenge is mine!--Slaves, force her hence!  
This Hour shall crown my Love.

Z A P H I R A.

O Mercy, Mercy!

S E L I M.

Lo! BARBAROSSA! thou at length hast conquer'd!  
Behold a hapless Prince, o'erwhelm'd with Woes, *[Kneels.]*  
Prostrate before thy Feet!--Not for myself  
I plead!--Yes, plunge the Dagger in my Breast!  
Tear, tear me piecemeal! But, O spare ZAPHIRA!--  
Yet, yet relent! force not her Matron Honour!  
Reproach not Heav'n!--

B A R B A R O S S A.

Have I then bent thy Pride?  
Why, this is Conquest ev'n beyond my Hope!--  
Lie there, thou Slave! lie, till ZAPHIRA's Cries  
Arouze thee from thy Posture!

S E L I M.

Dost thou insult my Griefs?--unmanly Wretch!--

Curse

Curse on the Fear that cou'd betray my Limbs, [Rising.  
My Coward Limbs, to this dishonest Posture!  
Long have I scorn'd, I now defy thy Pow'r,

B A R B A R O S S A.

I'll put thy boasted Virtue to the Trial.--  
Slaves, bear him to the Rack.

Z A P H I R A.

O spare my Son !

Sure filial Virtue never was a Crime!  
Save but my Son!--I yield me to thy Wish!--  
What do I say!--The Marriage Vow--O Horror!  
This Hour shall make me thine!--

S E L I M.

What ! doom thyself  
The guilty Partner of a Murderer's Bed,  
Whose Hands yet reek with thy dear Husband's Blood!--  
To be the Mother of destructive Tyrants,  
The Curses of Mankind!--By Heav'n, I swear,  
The guilty Hour that gives thee to the Arms  
Of that detested Murderer, shall end  
This hated Life!--

B A R B A R O S S A.

Or yield thee, or he dies!--

Z A P H I R A.

The Conflict's past.--I will resume my Greatness :  
We'll bravely die, as we have liv'd, with Honour !

[Embracing.

S E L I M.

Now, Tyrant, pour thy fiercest Fury on us :--  
Now see, despairing Guilt ! that Virtue still  
Shall conquer, tho' in Ruin.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Drag them hence :  
Her to the Altar :--SELIM to his Fate.

Z A P H I R A.

O SELIM ! O my Son!--Thy Doom is Death !  
Wou'd it were mine !

S E L I M.

Wou'd I cou'd give it thee!

Is there no Means to save her! Lend, ye Guards,  
Ye Ministers of Death, in Pity lend  
Your Swords, or some kind Weapon of Destruction!--  
Sure the most mournful Boon, that ever Son  
Ask'd for the best of Mothers!

Z A P H I R A.

Dearest SELIM!

B A R B A R O S S A.

I'll hear no more.--Guards, bear them to their Fate.

*[Guards seize them.]*

S E L I M.

One last Embrace!

Farewel! Farewel for ever! *[Guards struggle with them.]*

Z A P H I R A.

One Moment yet!--Pity a Mother's Pangs!--

O SELIM!

S E L I M.

O my Mother! *[Exit SELIM and ZAPHIRA.]*

B A R B A R O S S A.

My dearest Hopes are blasted!--What is Pow'r;  
If stubborn Virtue thus out-soar its Flight!  
Yet he shall die---and she---

*Enter ALADIN.*

A L A D I N.

Heav'n guard my Lord!

B A R B A R O S S A.

What mean'st thou, ALADIN?

A L A D I N.

A Slave arrived,  
Says that young SELIM lives: Nay, somewhere lurks  
Within these Walls.

B A R B A R O S S A.

The lurking Traitor's found,  
Convicted, and disarm'd---E'en now he aim'd  
This Dagger at my Heart.

A L A D I N.

A L A D I N.

Audacious Traitor !

The Slave says further, that he brings thee Tydings  
Of dark Conspiracy, now hov'ring o'er us :  
And claims thy private Ear.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Of dark Conspiracy ?

Where ?---Among whom ?

A L A D I N.

The secret Friends of SELIM,  
Who nightly haunt the City.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Curse the Traitors !

Now speed thee ALADIN.---Send forth our Spies :  
Explore their Haunts. For, by th' infernal Pow'rs,  
I will let loose my Rage.---The furious Lion  
Now foams indignant, scorning Tears and Cries.  
Let SELIM forthwith die.---Come, mighty Vengeance !  
Stir me to Cruelty ! The Rack shall groan  
With new-born Horrors !---I will issue forth,  
Like Midnight-Pestilence ! My Breath shall strew  
The Streets with Dead ; and Havock stalk in Gore.  
Hence, Pity !---Feed the milky Thought of Babes :  
Mine is of bloodier Hue.



A C T



## A C T V.

*Enter BARBAROSSA and ALADIN.*

BARBAROSSA.

**I**S the Watch doubled? Are the Gates secur'd  
Against Surprize?

ALADIN.

They are, and mock th' Attempt  
Of Force or Treachery.

BARBAROSSA.

This whisper'd Rumour  
Of dark Conspiracy, on further Inquest,  
Seems but a false Alarm. Our Spies, sent out,  
And now return'd from Search, affirm that Sleep  
Has wrap'd the City.

ALADIN.

But while SELIM lives,  
Destruction lurks within the Palace Walls;  
Nor Bars, nor Centinels can give us Safety.

BARBAROSSA.

Right, ALADIN. His Hour of Fate approaches.--  
How goes the Night?

ALADIN.

The second Watch is near.

BARBAROSSA.

'Tis well:--Whene'er it rings the Traitor dies.  
So hath my Will ordain'd.--I'll seize th' Occasion,  
While I may fairly plead my Life's Defence.

ALADIN.

True: For he aim'd his Dagger at thy Heart.

BARBAROSSA.

He did. Hence Justice, uncompell'd, shall seem  
To lend her Sword, and do Ambition's Work.

ALADIN.

His bold Resolves have steel'd ZAPHIRA's Breast  
Against thy Love: Thence he deserves to die.

BARBAROSSA.

And Death's his Doom.--Yet, first the Rack shall rend  
Each Secret from his Heart; unless he give  
ZAPHIRA to my Arms, by Marriage-Vows,  
With full Consent; ere yet the second Watch  
Toll for his Death.--Curse on this Woman's Weakness!  
I yet wou'd win her Love! Haste, seek out OTHMAN:  
Go, tell him, that Destruction and the Sword  
Hang o'er young SELIM's Head, if swift Compliance  
Plead not his Pardon. *[Exit. ALADIN.]*  
Stubborn Fortitude!

Had he not interpos'd, Success had crown'd  
My Love, now hopeless.--Then let Vengeance seize him.

*Enter IRENE.*

IRENE.

O Night of Horror!--Hear me, honor'd Father!  
If e'er IRENE's Peace was dear to thee,  
Now hear me!

BARBAROSSA.

Impious! Dar'st thou disobey?  
Did not my sacred Will ordain thee hence?  
Get thee to Rest; for Death is stirring here.

IRENE.

O fatal Words! By ev'ry sacred Tye,  
Recall the dire Decree!--

BARBAROSSA.

What woud'st thou say?  
Whom plead for?

IRENE.

For a brave unhappy Prince,  
Sentenc'd to die.

BARBAROSSA.

And justly!--But this Hour,  
The Traitor half fulfill'd thy Dream, and aim'd  
His Dagger at my Heart.

IRENE.

I R E N E.

Might Pity plead !

B A R B A R O S S A.

What !--plead for Treachery ?

I R E N E.

Yet Pity might bestow a milder Name.

Woud'st thou not love the Child, whose Fortitude  
Shou'd hazard Life for thee ?--Oh, think on that :--

The noble Mind hates not a virtuous Foe :

His gen'rous Purpose was to save a Mother !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Damn'd was his Purpose : And accurst art Thou,  
Whose Perfidy wou'd save the dark Assassin,  
Who fought thy Father's Life !--Hence, from my Sight.

I R E N E.

Oh, never, till thy Mercy spare my SELIM !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Thy SELIM ?---Thine ?

I R E N E.

Thou know'st---by Gratitude

He's mine.--Had not his generous Hand redeem'd me,  
What then had been I R E N E ?

B A R B A R O S S A.

Faithless Wretch !

Unhappy Father ! whose perfidious Child  
Leagues with his deadliest Foe ; and guides the Dagger  
Ev'n to his Heart !---Perdition catch thy Falshood !  
And is it thus, a thankless Child repays me,  
For all the Guilt in which I plung'd my Soul,  
To raise her to a Throne !

I R E N E.

O spare these Words,

More keen than Daggers to my bleeding Heart !  
Let me not live suspected !--Dearest Father !---  
Behold my Breast ! write thy Suspicions here :  
Write them in Blood ; But spare the gen'rous Youth,  
Who sav'd me from Dishonour !

B A R-



B A R B A R O S S A.

By the Pow'rs  
Of great Revenge : thy fond Intreaties seal  
His instant Death.--In him, I'll punish thee.---  
Away!

I R E N E.

Yet hear me ! Ere my tortur'd Soul  
Rush on some Deed of Horror !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Seize her, Guards.---  
Convey the frantic Ideot from my Prefence :  
See that she do no Violence on herself.

I R E N E.

O SELIM !---generous Youth !---how have my Fears  
Betray'd thee to Destruction ! --Slaves, unhand me !---  
Think ye, I'll live to bear these Pangs of Grief,  
These Horrors that oppress my tortur'd Soul ?---  
Inhuman Father !---Generous, injur'd Youth !---  
Methinks I see thee stretch'd upon the Rack,  
Hear thy expiring Groans !---O Horror ! Horror !  
What shall I do to save him !---Vain, alas !  
Vain are my Tears and Pray'rs !---At least, I'll die.  
Death shall unite us yet ! *[Exit IRENE and Guards.]*

B A R B A R O S S A.

O Torment, Torment !  
Ev'n in the midst of Pow'r !---the vilest Slave  
More happy far than I !---The very Child,  
Whom my Love cherish'd from her infant Years,  
Conspires to blast my Peace !---O false Ambition,  
Thou lying Phantom ! whither hast thou lur'd me !  
Ev'n to this giddy Height ; where now I stand,  
Forsaken, comfortless ! with not a Friend  
In whom my Soul can trust !

*Enter ALADIN.*

Hast thou seen OTHMAN ?  
He will not, sure, conspire against my Peace.

A L A-

A L A D I N.

He's fled my Lord. I dread some lurking Ruin.  
 The Centinel on Watch says, that he pass'd  
 The Gate,--since Midnight, with an unknown Friend :  
 And as they pass'd, OTHMAN in Whispers said,  
 " Now farewell, bloody Tyrant."

B A R B A R O S S A.

Slave, thou ly'st.  
 He did not dare to say it. Or, if he did,  
 Pernicious Slave, why dost thou wound my Ear  
 By the foul Repetition?--Gracious Pow'rs,  
 Let me be calm!--O my distracted Soul!--  
 How am I rent in Pieces!--OTHMAN fled!--  
 Why then may all Hell's Curses follow him!--  
 What's to be done? Some Mischief lurks unseen.

A L A D I N.

Prevent it then---

B A R B A R O S S A.

By SELIM's instant Death---

A L A D I N.

Ay, doubtless.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Is the Rack prepar'd?

A L A D I N.

'Tis ready.

Along the Ground he lies, o'erwhelm'd with Chains.  
 The Ministers of Death stand round; and wait  
 Thy last Command.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Once more I'll try to bend  
 His stubborn Soul.--Conduct me forthwith to him :  
 And if he now disdain my profer'd Kindness,  
 Destruction swallows him ! [Exeunt.  
 SELIM discover'd in Chains, Executioners, Officer, &c. and Rack.

S E L I M.

I pray you, Friends,  
 When I am dead, let not Indignity

Insult

Insult these poor Remains. See them interr'd  
Close by my Father's Tomb! I ask no more.

O F F I C E R.

They shall.

S E L I M.

How goes the Night?

O F F I C E R.

Thy Hour of Fate,  
The second Watch is near.

S E L I M.

Let it come on;  
I am prepar'd.

*Enter* B A R B A R O S S A.

B A R B A R O S S A.

So---raise him from the Ground.-- [*They raise him.*  
Perfidious Boy! Behold the just Rewards  
Of Guilt and Treachery!--Didst thou not give  
Thy forfeit Life, whene'er I should behold  
SELIM's detested Face?

S E L I M.

Then take it, Tyrant.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Didst thou not aim thy Dagger at my Heart?

S E L I M.

I did.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Yet Heav'n defeated thy Intent;  
And sav'd me from the Dagger.

S E L I M.

'Tis not ours,  
To question Heav'n. 'Th' Intent and not the Deed  
Is in our Pow'r: and therefore who dares greatly,  
Does greatly.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Yet bethink thee, stubborn Boy,  
What Horrors now surround thee--

S E L I M.

S E L I M.

Think'st thou, Tyrant,  
I came so ill prepar'd?--Thy Rage is weak,  
Thy Torments pow'rless o'er the steady Mind:  
He who cou'd bravely dare, can bravely suffer.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Yet, lo, I come, by Pity led, to spare thee.  
Relent, and save ZAPHIRA!--For the Bell  
Ev'n now expects the Centinel, to toll  
The Signal of thy Death.

S E L I M.

Let Guilt like thine  
Tremble at Death: I scorn his darkeſt Frown.  
Hence, Tyrant, nor prophane my dying Hour!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Then take thy Wiſh.

[*Bell tolls.*]

There goes the fatal Knell.

Thy Fate is ſeal'd.---Not all thy Mother's Tears,  
Nor Pray'rs, nor Eloquence of Grief, ſhall ſave thee,  
From iſtant Death. Yet ere th' Aſſaſſin die,  
Let Torment wring each Secret from his Heart.  
The Traitor OTHMAN's fled;---Conſpiracy  
Lurks in the Womb of Night, and threatens Ruin.  
Spare not the Rack, nor ceaſe, till it extort  
The lurking Treason; and this Murd'rer call  
On Death, to end his Woes. [Exit BARBAROSSA.]

S E L I M.

Come on then.

[*They bind him.*]

Begin the Work of Death.---what! bound with Cords,  
Like a vile Criminal!--O, valiant Friends,  
When will ye give me Vengeance!

*Enter IRENE.*

I R E N E.

Stop, O ſtop!  
Hold your accuſed Hands!--On me, on me,  
Pour all your Torments!--How ſhall I approach thee!

S E L I M.

S E L I M.

These are thy Father's Gifts!--Yet thou art guiltless:  
Then let me take thee to my Heart, thou best  
Most amiable of Women!

I R E N E.

Rather curse me,  
As the Betrayer of thy Virtue!

S E L I M.

Ah!

I R E N E.

'Twas I ---my Fears, my frantic Fears betray'd thee!  
Thus falling at thy Feet! may I but hope  
For Pardon ere I die!

S E L I M.

Hence, to thy Father!

I R E N E.

Never, O never!--Crawling in the Dust,  
I'll clasp thy Feet, and bathe them with my Tears!  
Tread me to Earth! I never will complain;  
But my last Breath shall bless thee!

S E L I M.

Lov'd I R E N E!

What hath my Fury done?

I R E N E.

Indeed, 'twas hard!  
But I was born to Sorrow!

S E L I M.

Melt me not.

I cannot bear thy Tears;--They quite unman me!  
Forgive the Transports of my Rage!

I R E N E.

Alas!

The Guilt is mine:--Canst thou forgive those Fears  
That first awak'd Suspicion in my Father!  
Those Fears that have undone thee!--Heav'n is witness,  
They meant not Ill to thee!

F

S E L I M.

S E L I M.

None; none, IRENE!

No; 'twas the generous Voice of filial Love:

That, only, prompted thee to save a Father.

Yes; from my inmost Soul I do approve

That Virtue which destroys me.

I R E N E.

Canst thou, then,  
Forgive and pity me?

S E L I M.

I do,--I do.

I R E N E.

On my Knees,  
Thus let me thank thee, generous, injur'd Prince!--  
Oh Earth and Heav'n! That such unequal'd Worth  
Shou'd meet so hard a Fate!--That I--That I--  
Whom his Love rescu'd from the Depth of Woe,  
Shou'd be th' accurst Destroyer!--Strike, in Pity;  
And end this hated Life!

S E L I M.

Cease, dear IRENE.  
Submit to Heav'n's high Will.--I charge thee live;  
And to thy utmost Pow'r, protect from Wrong  
My helpless, friendless, Mother!

I R E N E.

With my Life  
I'll shield her from each Wrong.--That Hope alone  
Can tempt me to prolong a Life of Woe!

S E L I M.

O my ungovern'd Rage!--To frown on Thee!  
Thus let me expiate the cruel Wrong, [Embracing.  
And mingle Rapture with the Pains of Death!

O F F I C E R.

No more.--Prepare the Rack.

I R E N E.

Stand off, ye Fiends!  
Here will I cling. No Pow'r on Earth shall part us  
Till I have sav'd my SELIM! [A Noise.

O F -

OFFICER.

Hark ! what Noise  
Strikes on mine Ear ?

[*A Noise.*

SELIM.

Again !

ALADIN.

[*Without.*

Arm, arm !--Treach'ry and Murder !

[*Executioners go to seize SELIM.*

SELIM.

Off Slaves !--Or I will turn my Chains to Arms,  
And dash you Piece-meal !--For I have heard a Sound,  
Which lifts my tow'ring Soul to ATLAS' Height,  
That I cou'd prop the Skies.

ALADIN.

Where is the King ?  
The Foe pours in : The Palace Gates are burst :  
The Centinels are murder'd ! Save the King !  
They seek him thro' the Palace !

OFFICER.

Death and Ruin !  
Follow me, Slaves, and save him.

[*Ex. OFFICER and EXECUTIONER.*

SELIM.

Now, bloody Tyrant ! Now, thy Hour is come !

IRENE.

What means yon mad'ning Tumult ?--O my Fears !--

SELIM.

Vengeance at length hath pierc'd these guilty Walls,  
And walks her deadly Round !

IRENE.

Whom dost thou mean ? my Father ?

SELIM.

Yes : Thy Father ;  
Who murder'd mine !

IRENE.

Is there no room for Mercy ?  
O SELIM ! by our Love !--

F 2

SELIM.

S E L I M.

Thy Tears are vain !  
 Vain were thy Eloquence, tho' thou didst plead  
 With an Archangel's Tongue !

I R E N E.

Spare but his Life !

S E L I M.

Heav'n knows I pity thee. But he must bleed ;  
 Tho' my own Life-Blood, nay, tho' thine, more dear,  
 Shou'd issue at the Wound !

I R E N E.

Must he then die ?  
 Let me but see my Father, ere he perish !  
 Let me but pay my parting Duty to him !---

*[Clash of Swords.]*

Hark !--'twas the Clash of Swords ! Heav'n save my Father !  
 O cruel, cruel SELIM !

*[Exit IRENE.]*

S E L I M.

Curse on this servile Chain, that binds me fast,  
 In pow'rless Ignominy ; while my Sword  
 Shou'd hunt its Prey, and cleave the Tyrant down !

O T H M A N.

*[Without.]*

Where is the Prince !

S E L I M.

Here, OTHMAN, bound to Earth !--  
 Set me but free !--O cursed, cursed Chain !

*Enter OTHMAN and Party, who free SELIM.*

O T H M A N.

O my brave Prince !--Heav'n favours our Design.

*[Embraces him.]*

Take that :--I need not bid thee use it nobly.

*[Giving him a Sword.]*

S E L I M.

Now, BARBAROSSA, let my Arm meet thine :  
 'Tis all I ask of Heav'n !

*[Exit SELIM.]*

O T H M A N.

Guard ye the Prince--  
 Pursue his Steps.--Now this Way let us turn,  
 And seek the Tyrant.

*[Part go out.]**[Exit OTHMAN, &c.]*



SCENE *changes to the open Palace.*

*Enter* B A R B A R O S S A.

B A R B A R O S S A.

Empire is lost, and Life : Yet brave Revenge  
Shall close my Life in Glory.

*Enter* O T H M A N.

Have I found thee,  
Diffembling Traitor ?---Die !---

O T H M A N.

Long hath my Wish,  
Pent in my struggling Breast, been robb'd of Utterance.  
Now Valour scorns the Mask.--I dare thee, Tyrant !  
And arm'd with Justice, thus wou'd meet thy Rage,  
Tho' thy red right Hand grasp'd the pointed Thunder !  
Now, Heav'n decide between us! *[They fight.]*

B A R B A R O S S A.

Coward !

O T H M A N.

Tyrant !

B A R B A R O S S A.

Traitor !

O T H M A N.

Infernal Fiend, thy Words are fraught with False-  
hood,  
To combat Crimes like Thine, by Force or Wiles,  
Is equal Glory. *[BARBAROSSA falls.]*

B A R B A R O S S A.

I faint ! I die !--O Horror !

*Enter* S E L I M and S A D I.

S E L I M.

The Foe gives Way : Sure this Way went the Storm.  
Where is the Tyger fled ?---What do I see ?

S A D I.

ALGIERS is free !

O T H M A N.

This Sabre did the Deed !

S E L I M.

S E L I M.

I envy thee the Blow!--Yet Valour scorns  
To wound the fallen.--But if Life remain,  
I will speak Daggers to his guilty Soul!--  
Hoe! BARBAROSSA! Tyrant! Murderer!  
'Tis SELIM, SELIM calls thee!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Off, ye Fiends!

Torment me not!--O, SELIM, art thou there!--  
Swallow me Earth! Bury me deep, ye Mountains!  
Accursed be the Day that gave me Birth!  
Oh, that I had never wrong'd thee!

S E L I M.

Dost thou then

Repent thee of thy Crimes!--He does! He does!  
He grasps my Hand! See the repentant Tear  
Starts from his Eye!--Dost thou indeed repent?--  
Why then I do forgive thee: From my Soul  
I freely do forgive thee!--And if Crimes,  
Abhor'd as thine, dare plead to Heav'n for Mercy,---  
May Heav'n have Mercy on thee!

B A R B A R O S S A.

Gen'rous SELIM!

Too good,--I have a Daughter! Oh, protect her!--  
Let not my Crimes!--- [Dies.

O T H M A N.

There fled the guilty Soul!

S E L I M.

Haste to the City,--stop the Rage of Slaughter.  
Tell my brave People, that ALGIERS is free;  
And Tyranny no more. [Exeunt SLAVES.

S A D I.

And, to confirm  
The glorious Tydings, soon as Morning shines,  
Be his dead Carcase dragg'd throughout the City,  
A Spectacle of Horror!

S E L I M.

Curb thy Zeal.

Let us be Brave, not Cruel: Nor disgrace Valour

Valour, by barb'rous and inhuman Deeds.  
Black was his Guilt : and he hath paid his Life,  
The Forfeit of his Crimes. Then sheath the Sword :  
Let Vengeance die,--Justice is satisfy'd !

*Enter ZAPHIRA.*

ZAPHIRA.

What mean these Horrors !---wherefoe'er I turn  
My trembling Steps, I find some dying Wretch,  
Welt'ring in Gore !---And dost thou live, my SELIM !

SELIM.

Lo, there he lies !

ZAPHIRA.

The bloody Tyrant slain !  
O righteous Heav'n !

SELIM.

Behold thy valiant Friends,  
Whose Faith and Courage have o'erwhelm'd the Pow'r  
Of BARBAROSSA. Here, once more, thy Virtues  
Shall dignify the Throne and bless thy People.

ZAPHIRA.

Just are thy Ways, O Heav'n !---Vain Terrors hence ;  
Once more ZAPHIRA's blest !-- My virtuous Son,  
How shall I e'er requite thy boundless Love !  
Thus let me snatch thee to my longing Arms,  
And on thy Bosom weep my Grievs away !

SELIM.

O happy Hour !---happy, beyond the Flight  
Ev'n of my ardent Hope !---Look down, blest Shade,  
From the bright Realms of Bliss !---Behold thy Queen  
Unspotted, uneduc'd, unmov'd in Virtue.  
Behold the Tyrant prostrate at my Feet !  
And to the Mem'ry of thy bleeding Wrongs,  
Accept this Sacrifice !

ZAPHIRA.

My generous SELIM !

SELIM.

Where is IRENE ?

S A D I.

With Looks of Wildness, and distracted Mien,  
 She fought her Father where the Tumult rag'd :  
 She pass'd me, while the Coward ALADIN  
 Fled from my Sword : and as I cleft him down,  
 She fainted at the Sight.

O T H M A N.

But straight recover'd,  
 ZAMOR, our trusty Friend, at my Command,  
 Convey'd the weeping fair one to her Chamber.

S E L I M.

Thanks to thy generous Care :---Come, let us seek  
 Th' afflicted Maid.

Z A P H I R A.

Her Virtues might atone  
 For her Father's Guilt !---Thy Throne be hers ;  
 She merits all thy Love.

S E L I M.

Then haste, and find her.---o'er her Father's Crimes  
 Pity shall draw her Veil ; nay, half absolve them,  
 When she beholds the Virtues of his Child !---  
 Now let us thank th' eternal Pow'r : convinc'd,  
 That Heav'n but tries our Virtue by Affliction :  
 That oft' the Cloud which wraps the present Hour,  
 Serves but to brighten all our future Days !

F I N I S.







